

The Sketch



C. HENTSCHEL '91

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



ACTRENT

Photo by A. Pasetti, St. Petersburg.]

[Photo by Victor Angerer, Vienna.

THEIR IMPERIAL MAJESTIES THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF RUSSIA,
WHOM FRANCE WELCOMES TO-DAY AS THE HONOURED GUESTS OF THE REPUBLIC.

An Illustrated Article on the Visit of the Emperor and Empress of Russia to France.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Close of a Holiday—Stuttgart in Rain and Clear—The Falls of the Rhine—Idle Days at Ouchy.

THE wind was blowing coldly at Marienbad when I left the valley, great-coats and cloaks had been taken into wear, large placards with "Occasion" on them had appeared in the shop-windows, and the tradespeople had begun to take the waters—always a sign that the end of the season is at hand. When the wind dropped, the rain came, and I found Stuttgart dripping with moisture when I passed through it, journeying leisurely towards the Lake of Geneva, on the borders of which I have been spending the last few days of my holiday. The Bavarian Capital, though it has its old Schloss, with little windows and great grey round-tower—now used as a place of residence for ladies who have held posts at Court, a parallel to our Hampton Court—and its gilt statue of the great Emperor, and its market-place surrounded with houses the storeys of which project one above each other like the stern-cabins of an old three-decker, puts forward no claim to be a show-town. Its environs, however, are extremely beautiful, and I was sorry that the clouds hung low and the mist steamed up as, in the morning, the train ran amidst the vineyards on the hills which circle the town, where there are patches of flower-gardens and little summer-houses amidst the vines, and the little villas all have "belvederes" where the good burgesses sit of an evening and smoke their pipes and enjoy the view of the town lying in the broad hollow of the land.

But, as the train ran through valley and past copse and wood, the dimness of the day lightened and a chain of distant hills stood clearly defined—a bold mass of purple. The grey of the sky shaded here and there almost to white, and, next, faint patches of blue showed for a moment and then vanished again. The grey of the sky grew lighter and lighter, and on a ridge before the mountains the white tower of a church twinkled with sudden vividness. Then an orchard near at hand was suffused with sunshine, the delicate brightness that comes through air still heavy with moisture, and a peasant-girl driving a flock of geese turned, with her hand above her eyes, to look at the sun. The clear had come; the great, fleecy clouds gradually melted and left a heaven of tender blue, with little wisps and feathers of soft white floating against its azure, and presently the sun breathed on these and they also vanished, so that, when we came to Neuhausen and the roar of the Rhine was in our ears, there was an unclouded sky above, the wet leaves of the trees above the Falls sparkled in the sunshine, and the roofs of the château on the cliff above the Falls shone with moisture and light.

Niagara is, of course, the monarch of cataracts. Seen near, seen afar, seen from above, seen from below, seen from the cave under the curtain of water, it is always a miracle of beauty and irresistible force; but the Falls of the Tugela, perhaps the most wonderful in the world next to the American marvel, are more impressive looked at a score or more miles away, when the torrents streaming over the edge of the vast wall of the Drachensberg can be seen descending in long, wavering streams before they shiver into spray, than from the foot of the mountains. The Falls of the Rhine, on the contrary, gain in grandeur the nearer one comes to them. Seen from the Neuhausen bank, they might be but the downpour of a Scottish Highland river, did not the black dots of human figures on the terraces and rocks set the scale of size. It is when one is on the brink of the leaping mass of water that one knows its immensity and power: at the Belvedere, where the river is a broad slope of roaring, curling white disappearing into a cloud of spray; at the Känzeli, where the water whizzes past in a vast curve, emerald and aquamarine above and like wind-driven snow below; at the Fischetz, where the foaming stream rises in gigantic plumes almost overhead and thunders down into the steam of the cauldron below. Man has done little to spoil the beauty of this one of Nature's masterpieces; the bridge which crosses the river above the Falls at an angle and with arches of various width of span is by no means ugly, and, happily, the great advertisement hoardings which disfigure some of the most beautiful spots lower down the river have not been allowed as blots on this landscape.

The Clerk of the Weather evidently repented of his unkind behaviour during the last days of August and the beginning of September, for the weather since then has been perfect—too warm for anything but gentle idling. And idling I have been with a right good will, sitting under a cedar on a lawn at Ouchy, and pretending to read a French novel; watching the sunlight broaden the gold and green on the terraced slopes across the lake, where the pretty houses sparkle, and flush the grey crags that tower above them. I have done nothing more energetic than to make one trip to Territet, which lies in the purple shadow of the eastern mountains, to sit on the terrace there and look at Chillon reflected in the lake as in a mirror; and one Sunday evening there was a Venetian Carnival at Vevey, and the owner of a steam-yacht which lies at anchor here off the landing-stage took some of us on a little cruise, to listen to the music on the water and to see the boats with their strings of lanterns moving gently on the tide—a myriad long reflections dancing in the darkness stirred by the oars. But my holiday is coming to an end, and to-morrow I go by steamer to Geneva, which lies there in the west, somewhere in the golden haze, and thence to Paris and London, with whose new plays *The Sketch* has posted me up so well whilst I have been lazing on the Continent.

THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

ALAS, the dastardly assassin has done his work! Saturday morning last saw the close of the tragedy which has struck the heart and imagination not only of the American and English peoples, but of the whole world, as few other events could have done.

On the 14th inst., at two o'clock American time, William McKinley, President of the United States, passed quietly away after a week's struggle for life in Buffalo. For several days after he had been shot his physicians held out the most confident hopes of his recovery, but on Thursday symptoms of heart-failure suddenly began to show themselves, and the end came early on Saturday morning. Despite the utmost efforts of the skilful and devoted physicians, and all that science could do to alleviate pain and to nourish the enfeebled body, the President breathed his last at the residence of Mr. John G. Milburn, President of the Exhibition in which Mr. McKinley received his fatal wounds.

It is not too much to say that everywhere is heard the voice of lamentation and of sorrow. But to us in this country the mournful end of the President makes a special appeal to our sympathies. For, all rivalries and jealousies notwithstanding, the Americans are our "next of kin," and whatever affects them deeply must have its reflex influence upon ourselves. Therefore, we not only mourn for but with America. Towards the widow of the murdered President, herself so recently within the dark shadow of death, our hearts go out with the most profound, the most sincere sympathy.

A moment like the present is hardly the time to make an adequate estimate of the life and career of the late President McKinley—that can be done better and more fully when some distance separates us from what has just so tragically taken place. As a man, Mr. McKinley was of a quiet but resolute and determined character—a man of force and great sagacity; in a word, a man of power. As a statesman, he has made an ineffaceable mark on the history of his country. His name must always be identified with two things—one, the fiscal policy known as Protection; the other, the appearance of the United States as an Imperial Power.

In spite of great opposition, Mr. McKinley successfully imposed the former upon the Republic, and, whether it be owing to this policy or not, there is no doubt that during his tenure of office the United States attained a degree of prosperity unknown in the past. The War with Spain, the subsequent Protectorate over Cuba, the taking of Porto Rico, and the acquisition of the Philippine and Sandwich Islands sufficiently indicated Mr. McKinley's desire that the States should no longer be isolated, but should take their place as a World-Empire.

The tragedy of Buffalo must draw attention to these and other points in the late President's life—it will do more, for it cannot fail to clothe his memory with the robes and crown of the martyr.

THE NEW PRESIDENT.

By Article II. of the Constitution of the United States, which makes provision in case of the death of the President during his term of office, the Vice-President "automatically," it might be said, succeeds him. Thus, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, the Vice-President, steps into the place of Head of the Executive without opposition—almost without any formality.

The new President is a man with a very interesting record. He is no great lover of politics—indeed, he has said more than once that he was forced into politics. What he delights in is the wild, free life of the great plains of the Far West, and nothing pleases him more than to roam the prairies with the ranchmen or to go off after big game among the mountains. He has written several books—and very readable they are to all who enjoy life in the open air under the blue skies—on his hunting trips and on his experiences among the ranchmen.

Perhaps Colonel Roosevelt is best-known to us in England from the fact that he raised, led, and captained throughout the Cuban War a regiment of ranchmen and cowboys, known as "Roosevelt's Roughriders."

But while the new President's heart is chiefly centred on the freer, more romantic life of the West, circumstances have also made him a politician. And now circumstances have made him the Head and Chief of his nation. But it is no untried, inexperienced man who takes the helm of State. Nearly twenty years ago he became a member of the Legislature of his native State, New York, and it says a good deal for his talents and high qualities that in two years he was recognised as its leader. That is something like a record.

For some years he remained out of politics, but as President of the New York Police Board he did a great deal of useful work from 1895-7. He resolutely set himself to purify the police administration of the city—the most notoriously corrupt in the world—and he succeeded to a very considerable extent. In 1897, Mr. Roosevelt was appointed Assistant Secretary of the United States Navy. In 1898, after his return from Cuba with his Corps of Roughriders, he was elected Governor of the State of New York.

At the last Presidential Election he was chosen for the Vice-Presidency. He is a very popular man—honest as the day, a high-minded and wholesome influence on political thought in America, a man of upright and excellent character and of great mental and bodily vigour. He will be a good President. In view of the lamentable death of President McKinley, and its cause, it would seem to be an ordinary measure of prudence to discontinue the custom of wholesale hand-shaking, which must entail needless personal fatigue even when the life of the Head of the State is not imperilled by the stereotyped habit.

**ANARCHISTS
MUST
BE CHECKED.**

The universal sympathy expressed for President McKinley when he lay wrestling for life after he was shot on Sept. 6 in the Temple of Music—not outside the Temple of Ethnology, as was first stated—ought assuredly to be followed by effectual steps to stop Anarchist speeches and to prevent the dissemination of the murderous literature of Anarchism. Governments can now act with decision and promptitude. No Parliamentary majority would disapprove their action in this direction. Humanity and Prudence demand there should be no further delay in this vital matter.

**President
McKinley's Career.**

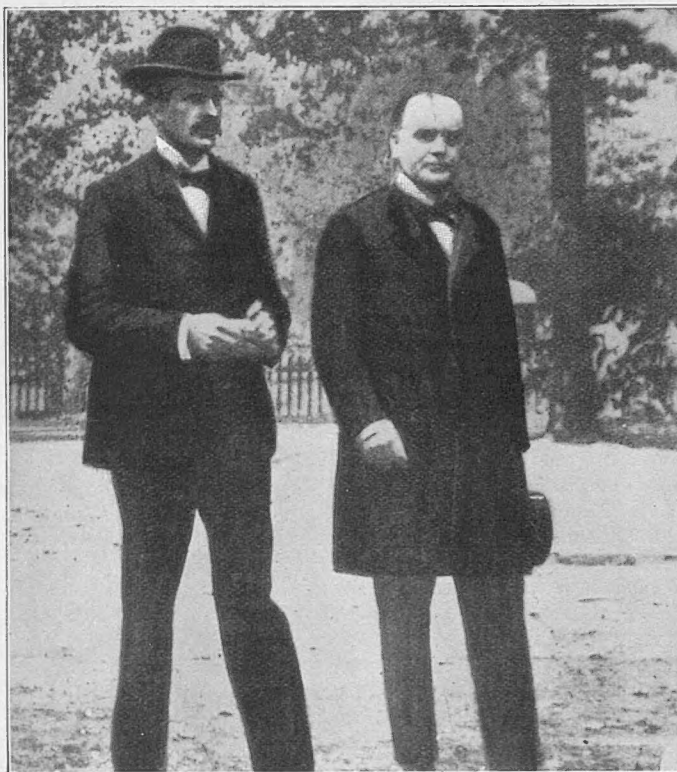
The United States may well feel proud of the Republic which produces such born rulers of men as William McKinley, one of the most distinguished representatives of the noble institutions of "the Land of the Free." Of Scottish parentage, he was born on the 26th of February, 1844, at the town of Niles, Ohio, and received his early education at the Poland Academy in that State. He had a spell of fighting in the brave days of Abraham Lincoln during the Civil War, entering the Northern Army as a private soldier, and rising to the rank of Major. Not the less cute as a lawyer was he, you may be certain, by reason of this military service. Admitted to the Bar in 1868 (as I see in *Hazell's Annual*), he practised at Canton, where he resided when first chosen President in succession to Mr. Cleveland. But before that supreme honour was conferred on Mr. McKinley, he forced himself to the front in the House of Representatives, where he became Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee which framed the McKinley measure of 1890. Elected Governor of Ohio in 1893 by a large majority, in 1896 he was selected as President on the "Sound Currency" ticket in opposition to Mr. Bryan. Despite the War with Spain in consequence of the Cuban difficulty, he was last November re-elected President by a greater majority than ever over Mr. Bryan, and had materially strengthened his hold on the affections of his fellow-countrymen when the Anarchist's bullet laid him low.

Fortunate to be wedded to one of the noblest of gentlewomen, President McKinley, in the most anxious moments of his tenure of office, found his best solace in the congenial company of his beloved wife, to whom heartfelt sympathy is extended in the hour of her sad bereavement.

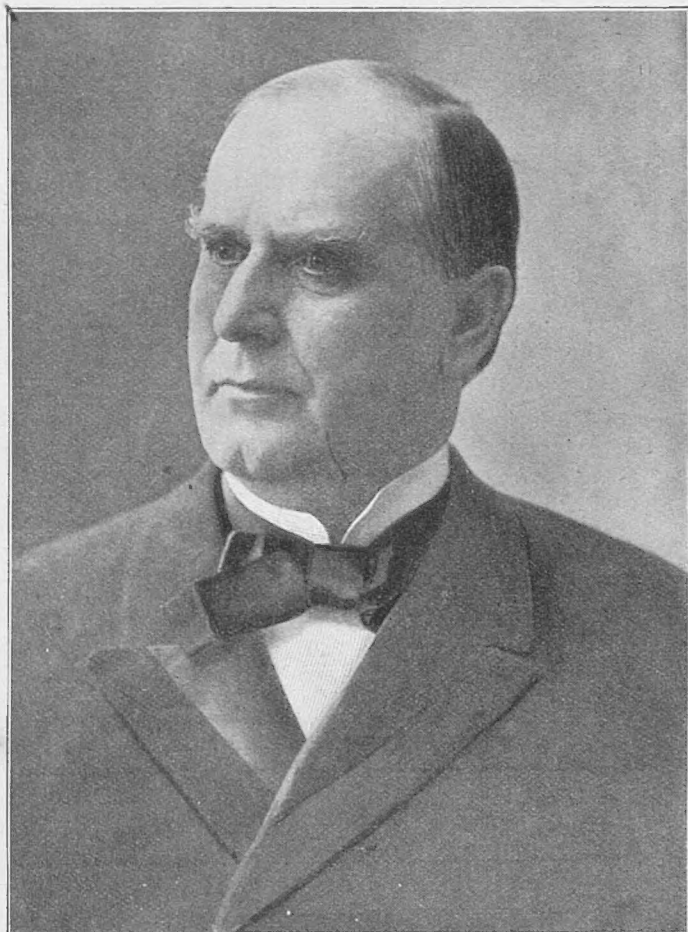
It will be seen from the portrait on page 346 that Miss Goldman (whose Anarchical addresses are alleged by the prisoner Czolgosz to have incited him to fire at the President) is a woman with a very firm jaw—of the type of obstinate and inflexible zealots. Following the confession of Czolgosz, she was arrested at Chicago, and brought up at the Police Court in that city on Wednesday last; but she denied complicity in the plot, and insisted that she saw Czolgosz only once, and for a few minutes. It appears she was eight years ago imprisoned for ten months in New York for her incentives to violence; and has, nevertheless, assailed President McKinley tooth and nail—in speech—of late. She usually wears a *pince-nez*, and is of masculine appearance. We are told that Mr. Norris, at whose house Miss Goldman was arrested, and who was himself afterwards taken into custody, though born in Canada, is a naturalised American. Norris also disclaimed knowledge of any plot, and explained that he merely invited Miss Goldman to his home to seek knowledge of her principles. The Chicago Magistrate remanded her without bail till the 19th inst., at the request of the City Prosecutor, and also retained in custody the other suspected Anarchists arrested.

Enrico Malatesta. A leader of a very different type (says Mr. Fred. A. Mackenzie in the *Daily Mail*) is Enrico Malatesta, who is the Stormy Petrel of Revolt. Whenever trouble comes, when the death of Kings is in the

air, Malatesta appears in the background. Those who know modern Anarchy best feel that he is perhaps the most dangerous plotter of present times. If he stepped foot in more than one country of Europe the prison doors would at once close on him. But even in prison he would find friends. For the stories of this man's escapes and designs would make a romance such as novelists never imagined.



THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY,
MR. CORTELYOU,
WHO WAS BY HIS SIDE WHEN HIS CHIEF WAS SHOT.



THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.



MRS. MCKINLEY.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Death of the President—The Czar and his Neighbours—Well done, "Shamrock"!—More Motor-Omnibuses—But no Roads to Run them on—The Yardley Benefit—"C. B." and his Record.

I THINK I shall not be exaggerating if I say that when, on Saturday morning, we learned that President McKinley had passed away, we all felt as if we had suffered a personal loss. We had been warned by the telegrams on Friday that the President's case was hopeless, but, none the less, the grief felt by "The Man in the Street" was real and sincere. To all Americans now in London, as well as to those across the Atlantic, "The Man in the Street" begs to offer his most sincere condolence and heartiest sympathy. We do not forget how the heart of America went out to us in January, when our Queen passed away, and now at this moment, when America is mourning the loss of her Chief Magistrate, struck down by an assassin's hand, we desire to reciprocate that sympathy to the fullest degree.



COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
(See Page 338.)

I do not see that there is any need to get excited over the visit of the Czar to France. It cannot mean very much, as before going to Dunkirk the Czar also went to Danzig to see the Kaiser, who is, I suppose, still France's greatest enemy. Moreover, he visited King Edward, who, by the way, is the Czarina's uncle, at Fredensborg, and this guarantees that the friendly relations between England and Russia are continued. We know that the Czar is a convinced lover and advocate of peace, and had he thought that there was the slightest menace to the peace of Europe in his visit to President Loubet, he most certainly would have refused to go. At any rate, I, for one, shall not sleep less soundly because the Czar is reviewing the red-legged little soldiers at Reims.

There was one piece of news from America which gave "The Man in the Street" great satisfaction, and that was the telegram saying how gallantly the *Shamrock* had behaved in a violent squall. The wind struck her twice with such violence that each time she heeled over till she was almost flat, but she righted herself again, and, what was even more wonderful, the mast held and did not snap. Sir Thomas Lipton was looking on from the *Erin*. He must have had an anxious quarter-of-an-hour, and must have feared a repetition of the accident in the Solent, when the mast went over the side.

I am glad to see that we are at last to have a service of motor-omnibuses in London. The idea has been tried once or twice before, but, somehow, has failed to catch on. I remember some omnibuses that used to go down the Uxbridge Road, and another one that worked from the Surrey side up to Oxford Circus. The new line is to run from Piccadilly Circus to Putney, and is to do the journey in twenty-five minutes. That is a good pace, and I hope that the line will succeed. Before the first quarter of this century is out, I expect that a horse will be as rare in London and other great cities as a motor-car is now, but what is wanted is a better motor. I would invent it myself if I knew how, but, as I do not stand in the way, there is a fine opening for all you energetic young inventors.

But it is no good having a fast service of motor-buses if the roads are always to be up. I frequently grumble at the people who look after the roads, but their ways are past finding out, and, as I have to use the streets a good deal, I naturally take a great interest in the condition of the roadway. "The Man in the Street" would imagine that, if it were necessary to lay pipes under the road, and at the same time to put new wood-pavement, the pipes would come first. In Whitehall they think differently, for, first of all, they laid down new wood-pavement, and, when that was comfortably done, they drove a trench through the work for the pipes. It may be the scientific way of doing things, but it looks upside-down to me.

I was very glad to see that the Yardley benefit match went off so well. Considering the time of year, the attendance each day was quite satisfactory, and I hope that the fund will greatly profit by the match. Friday morning gave us some of the most interesting cricket of the year. Jessop continued his marvellous batting of Thursday and ran up the

huge score of 233, no trifling feat when we consider who were the bowlers against him. He scored at the rate of two runs a minute, which is express hitting and no mistake, but his successors could not do anything with Hirst, who took five wickets for nineteen runs, and hit the wicket every time. Rhodes had an off-day and could do nothing.

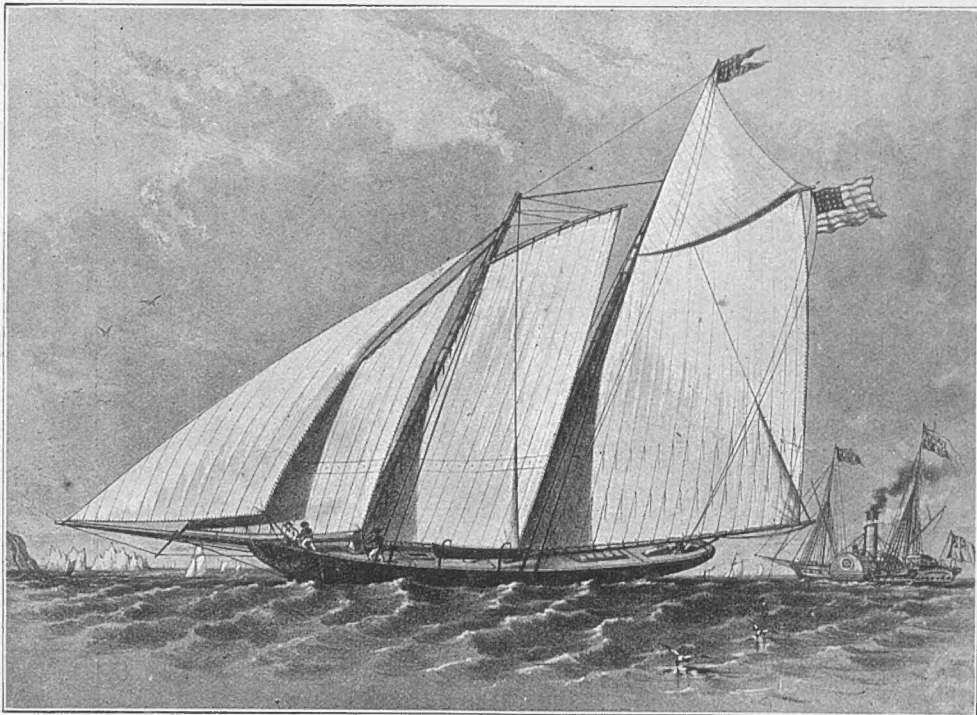
The great C. B. Fry still remains undefeated, and against the Yorkshire bowling scored 105. This was his sixth consecutive century, and, if I remember rightly, his thirteenth this season. The record of six consecutive centuries is one of which any batsman may be proud, and I do not think it will be easily surpassed. It is a pity that Fry is not going out to Australia, for he might astonish the natives if the climate did not spoil his form. Anyhow, he stands out as the great batsman of 1901, and his batting has equalled that of "W. G." at his best.

THE "AMERICA."

THE schooner *America* was built in 1851 for Commodore J. C. Stevens by George Steers, for the purpose of going over to England to race with the yachts at Cowes in the year of the Great Exhibition. She was built on the model of the North American pilot-boats, which had won a great reputation for speed, and sailed in the July of that year for Havre, where she was got into trim for racing. She entered for the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup of one hundred guineas, which was offered for an International race round the Isle of Wight. The race was started at 10 a.m. on Aug. 22, and fifteen yachts competed. The *America* took the lead off St. Helens, and by Ventnor had a mile to the good. At this point the fastest English boats were disabled, as the *Volante* broke her bowsprit and the *Arrow* went ashore, while the *Alarm* went to the assistance of the latter. The *America* then forged ahead, followed only by the *Aurora*, which was some miles in the rear. Just before dark, the *America* reached Cowes, at 8 hr. 34 min., and the *Aurora* followed her twenty-four minutes later. The next year, the *America*, having been sold to Lord de Blaquiere, was beaten in a race round the Isle of Wight by Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne's cutter, the *Arrow*, which had so unfortunately gone ashore in the great race of 1851. Later on, the boat had a very varied career, and was at one time a blockade-runner in the American Civil War, but as late as the beginning of the 'nineties she was being sailed as a yacht, though hardly any of her original timbers were left in her.

Since our article on Mr. Pinero was in type and could not be reached in time for further correction, that distinguished dramatist has indicated to me that "Iris" will not be the last serious play that he intends to write, as our representative understood. It is only the last of what Mr. Pinero would describe as the "Mrs. Tanqueray" group. Mr. Pinero's next new play after "Iris" will be a comedy written for Mr. Charles Frohman to produce simultaneously at the Duke of York's and at one of his New York theatres. In this comedy, which is to be of a very light texture, the leading character—a very fine part—will, at the Duke of York's, be played by Miss Irene Vanbrugh, wife of Mr. Dion Boucicault, who is the "producer" of "Iris" for Mr. Pinero and Mr. Bouchier, as well as playing one of the principal parts.

THE FIRST "AMERICA" CUP WINNER.



THE "AMERICA" SCHOONER (170 TONS) WINNING THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON CUP, AND PASSING THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" OFF THE NEEDLES, FRIDAY, AUG. 22, 1851.

"BECKY SHARP," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

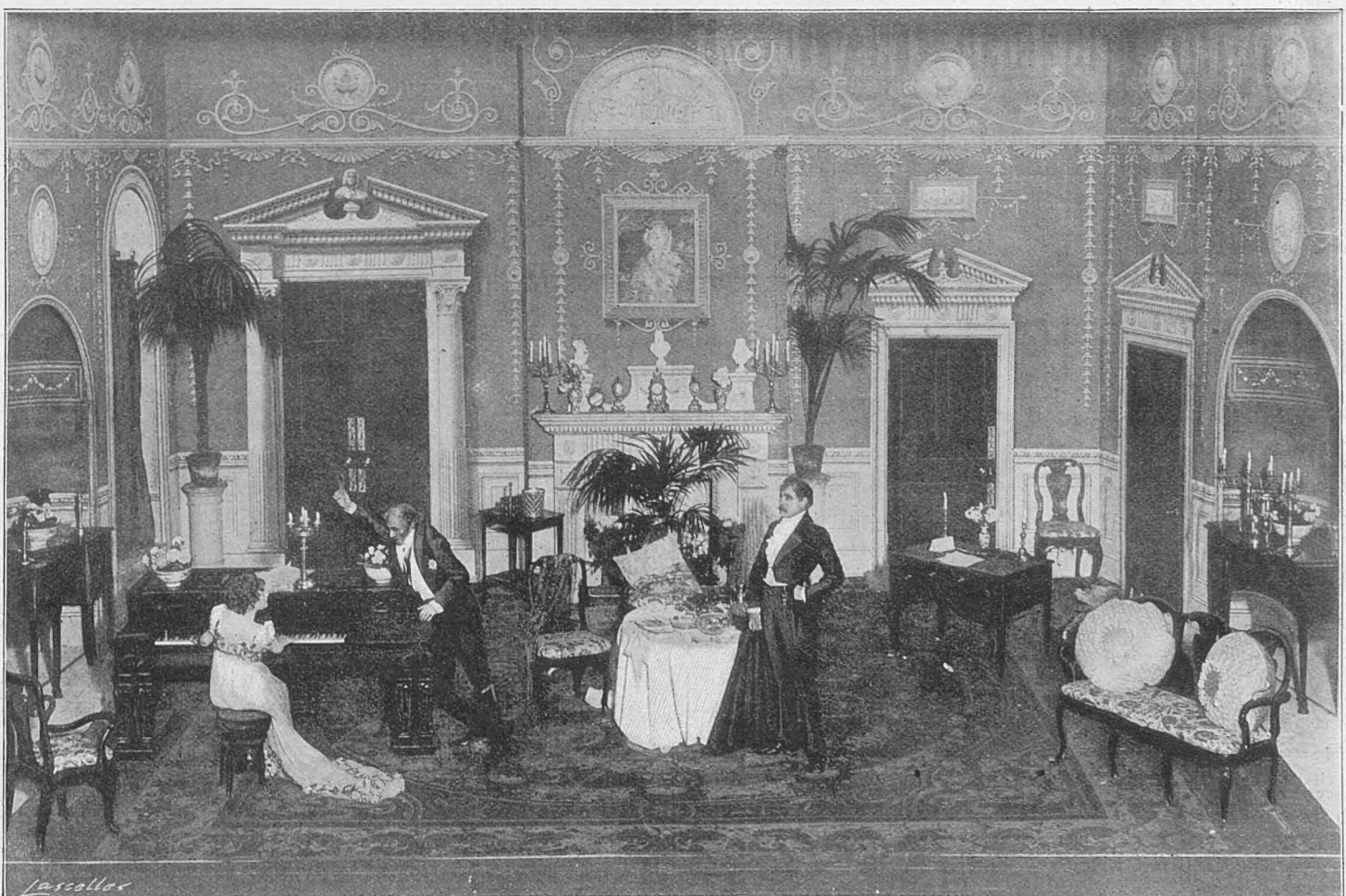
From Photographs by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



MISS MARIE TEMPEST IN PRIVATE LIFE.



MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS BECKY SHARP.



Becky (Miss Marie Tempest). Marquis of Steyne (Mr. Gilbert Hare). Rawdon Crawley (Mr. Leonard Boyne).

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THE "ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE."

THE many readers of the *English Illustrated Magazine* will be interested to hear that, from the month of October onwards, this old-established and popular magazine will be issued by Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin and Co., the well-known firm of publishers, who have purchased the publication from the Messrs. Ingram Brothers. The late Editor, Mr. Bruce Ingram, introduced many original and pleasing features into the magazine, notably the delightful colour-portraits of celebrated footlight favourites. It was also a source of satisfaction to those who value the dignity of English literature to note that, under Mr. Ingram's control, the *English Illustrated Magazine* more than sustained its reputation for literary excellence both as regards fiction and general articles. It only remains to wish the new proprietors the very best of luck in their venture and a continuation of public approval and support.

"THE UNDERCURRENT," AT THE CRITERION.

WHETHER Mr. Carton's new play at the Criterion will have such a brilliant triumph as some of his former works or not, its clever dialogue and collection of effectively drawn stage characters and the author's adroit use of the hardly novel humours of amateur theatricals will cause it to give a great deal of healthy entertainment to playgoers. No doubt, on Saturday night the piece was too long, but this fault can easily be remedied without the sacrifice of any essential feature. The title, "The Undercurrent," is perhaps a little puzzling. So far as one can learn, it suggests the difficulty of discovering the real causes of human action, since it may be suggested that few of the people of the drama guess that all that passes in it is due to the kindly machinations of the unselfish Austrian widow whose part is excellently played, in her imperturbable style, by Miss Compton. By-the-bye, there seems no reason why the Countess should not be English, and, if she were, the play would gain a good deal by the disappearance of the "dialect" which handicaps her. Perhaps the success of the piece is the breezy young American girl, Melpomene Sapcott, whose heart is as rich in gold as her bank-account, whose freshness and vigour of manner are in startling relief to the more jaded style of the Britishers. Miss Anna Robinson from the first made the part tell by her clever acting, and promptly became a favourite. It seems rather curious that such an assertive young lady should have suffered so severely from stage-fright in amateur theatricals. The best-drawn character in the play, and best too, is that of Sir Frank Keniston, a middle-aged man-about-town prepared to make a mercenary marriage to help his young brother on in the world, although he really loves the Countess who aids him in his scheme, which, indeed, is rather her scheme than his—despite the fact that she returns his love. The author shows really great skill in handling the part, which might easily have been made offensive, and Mr. Bouchier plays it with an admirably light and delicate touch. Our old friend Mr. Arthur Williams is quite at home as the good-natured, rich vulgarian fully conscious of the weakness of his "h," and was hardly on the stage without causing laughter, save, indeed, when he made his hopeless offer of marriage to the Countess. Much of the fun of the evening came from his collisions with Mr. Ernest Hendrie, who was full of quiet humour as a hot-tempered Colonel. It seems a pity that an actress of such quality as Miss Violet Vanbrugh should have only the short part that she rendered admirably. One may not pass unmentioned the clever work of Mr. Eric Lewis and Mr. A. E. Matthews.

A capital amateur performance of "Our Boys," under the management of Dr. and Mrs. Edsell, was given at Thame, Oxfordshire, last Saturday evening. Byron's famous play was preceded by a skilful representation of the very strong one-Act play adapted by Sydney Grundy from the French and entitled "In Honour Bound."

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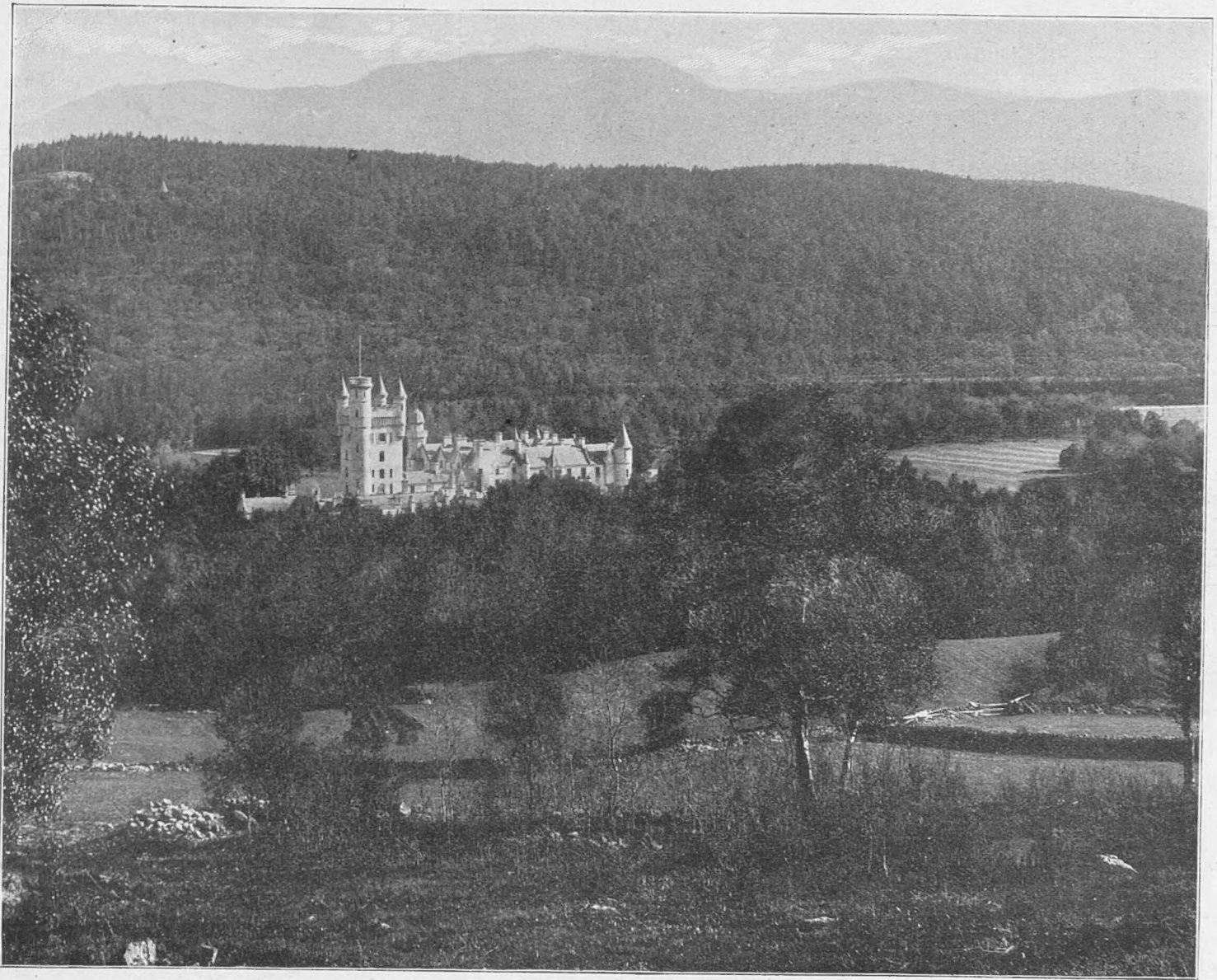
SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The King in Denmark.

King Edward has had a most delightful and successful stay in Denmark, overshadowed only by the sorrow felt by the whole Danish Royal Family at the premature death of the Duchess of Cumberland's clever and charming second son, the namesake and godson of the venerable King Christian. King Edward gave several sittings to the well-known Danish painter, Zehngraaff, whose work is too little known in this country, and this in spite of the fact that he painted a most excellent portrait of Her late Majesty. The royal motor-car has aroused much amusement and enthusiasm in the neighbourhood of Fredensborg. His Majesty has driven out each day, often accompanied by his brothers-in-law and by the younger Princesses, who thoroughly enjoy this novel form of locomotion. Although we are constantly told that bicycles are no longer the fashion, Royal personages soar above such considerations.

A Royal Sale.

All true Britons love a good bit of horseflesh. Accordingly, widespread interest has been aroused by the announcement that King Edward's choice set of hackneys and young harness-horses are to be sold to-morrow (19th). To the regret of those who mean to make a point of attending the Royal sale, His Majesty will not be able to be present in person, but he will be well represented by Sir Dighton Probyn, who will preside at the preliminary luncheon, which has always been a very pleasant feature of the Wolferton sales. A hundred and twenty-six lots will be offered, and it is expected that buyers will turn up from all over the Continent, for the Wolferton Stud hackneys are justly famed—indeed, the country at large owes a real debt of gratitude to the Sovereign for his persistent interest in and encouragement of what should be a great national source of profit and income. According to experts, the South African War



BALMORAL CASTLE, THE KING'S SCOTTISH SHOOTING-BOX.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MILNE, BALLATER.

The Emperor Nicholas, his brother, Princess Victoria, and the daughters of the Danish Crown Prince spent some happy hours racing King Edward's horseless carriage along the beautiful roads which surround the fine old Palace. One of *The Sketch* snapshots delineates the royal yacht *Osborne*, in which the King made the voyage to and from Denmark.

The Court in Scotland.

As was announced in *The Sketch* some weeks ago, King Edward and Queen Alexandra intend to occupy Balmoral this autumn. Their Majesties' last home in Bonnie Scotland was Abergeldie, where they spent a portion of each autumn during the years which succeeded their marriage. It was at that period the then Prince and Princess of Wales became intimate with the mother of the present Duke of Fife, a most estimable and charming woman, to whom the bride of Queen Victoria's Heir-Apparent grew to be warmly attached within a very short time of her arrival in this country. During their stay in Scotland, the Sovereign and Queen Alexandra will entertain only members of their own immediate family, and there will, of course, be constant interchange of visits between Balmoral and Mar Lodge. The loveliness of the Dee Valley in which Balmoral is situated is faithfully reflected in the picture I have the pleasure of giving above.

would have reached a speedy termination had the British Empire only been provided with a really large and adequate supply of horses of all breeds and sizes.

The Atholl Gathering.

The Atholl Gathering was particularly bright and successful, and the Blair Castle party was quite a record one, both the Duke and Duchess being present at the games, which were dropped last year on account of the War. Among the Duchess of Atholl's guests were some noted warriors, including Lord Fincastle, Colonel Home-Drummond, Major Stewart Robertson, Captain Menzies, Colonel Nason, and others who have not long returned from "the Front."

Dukes in Scotland.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, and, last not least, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster are each and all spending the autumn north of the Tweed, and the arrival of King Edward on Deeside is eagerly awaited by a section of Scottish Society. The Duke of Richmond has a large family-party staying with him at Gordon Castle. It is said that the Czar's only brother intends paying a short visit to Scotland this autumn; if so, he will probably be entertained, as was the German Crown Prince, by the hospitable Highland chieftains.

The Meeting of the Emperors.

The sea has long been the Highway of the Nations; it is now becoming the meeting-place of Emperors. Few more picturesque sights can have been seen of late than the coming together of the Imperial yachts *Standart* and *Hohenzollern* in Danzig Bay. The German Emperor entertained his mighty brother to a splendid lunch, and many cordial toasts were drunk

about like the busy bee that he is. Now, Mr. Hanbury, M.P., Lord Balfour, and Andrew Carnegie, LL.D., are citizens of this great city. The Lord Provost contrasted Mr. Carnegie's condition as compared with the time when, a little, clinging boy, half a century ago, he left the Broomielaw to cross the Atlantic with his parents, and his return wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice. Mr. Carnegie, in a patriotic address, prophesied that the English race would be dominant in the world. He named George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, the late Queen Victoria, and President McKinley as names that had filled the whole English race with admiration.

Lord and Lady Pirbright.

It is satisfactory—nay, more, pleasing—to know that Lord Pirbright (better known, perhaps, as Baron Henry de Worms) has been assured that the malady from which Lady Pirbright has suffered from for so long is now done with. Lord and Lady Pirbright are on the Continent. That they will both return to Pirbright by Christmas is the devout wish of all their neighbours. They want to see their faces—goodly with that goodness which money makes not.

Scottish Volunteers at "the Front."

Dedicated by the young author to Captain J. R. Young (who supplied the photographs in the book), "With the Scottish Rifle Volunteers at the Front" is an interesting illustrated narrative of the adventures of Godfrey H. Smith with the "K" Company of the 2nd Scottish Rifles in the South African War. It is published by Messrs. William Hodge and Co., of Glasgow and Edinburgh, and will be treasured by many a gallant Scot as a memento of the great campaign against the Boers.



THE CZAR AND CZARINA AT HOME: ON A SPORTING EXPEDITION.
Photo by Taur and Co.

by the host and his guest. After the banquet followed a short, informal inspection of the German Fleet, each warship being gaily dressed with flags.

"Our Friend the Czar."

Every French heart is beating gaily this week, for Madame la République is to entertain in anything but a Republican or Spartan fashion her mighty ally and good friend. The Emperor is thought in Paris to be more than half a Frenchman, for it is known that he was mainly educated by a French tutor, and he can certainly write and talk French like a Parisian. His Imperial Majesty is seen to great advantage when with French officials; he is affable, friendly, and apparently really at his ease. He has a great sense of humour, and can even crack a joke in the language dear to diplomacy.

"Madame la Czarine."

The Empress of Russia is regarded with great interest in Great Britain as well as in France, for as a favourite granddaughter of the late Queen Victoria, and one who spent a happy holiday with the Emperor at Balmoral, she has naturally endeared herself to us. Her thoughtful, dignified type of beauty greatly appeals to one, and the fact that she always travels accompanied by her "nursery" delights the home-loving instincts of the people.

"The Duke's"—and Others.

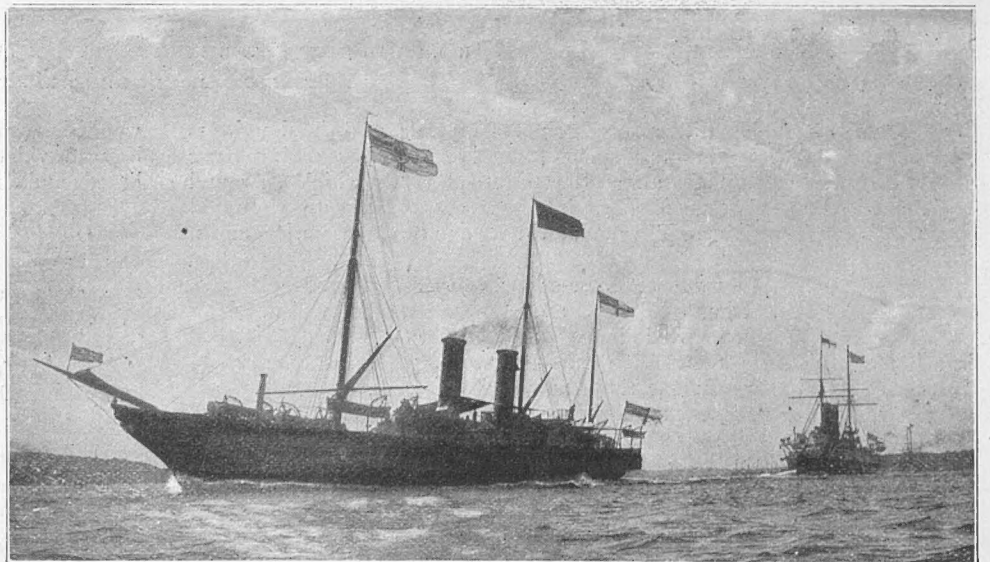
The distribution of South African War Medals to those Yeomen and Volunteers who had not been fortunate enough to receive them from the hands of the King himself gave rise to several pleasing functions last week, for at Wellington Barracks "The Duke" presented the men of his Yeomanry Regiment with these marks of distinction; H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg fulfilled the same office at Carisbrooke Castle on behalf of the Isle of Wight Contingent; and "Bobs," at Exeter, to the Devons, Major-General Sir H. Trotter to the London Irish, and Sir George White to the Irish Yeomen at Belfast, also followed the laudable example of their Royal Highnesses.

Glasgow's Latest Burgesses.

Glasgow folks have had an exciting time. The great Exhibition, which in one day lately had over a hundred and eleven thousand visitors, has drawn over seven millions now since the beginning. This spells success. As Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the Scottish Secretary, has said, few things fill Scotsmen with more pride and more pleasure than the prosperity of the great city of Glasgow. Then there have been the meetings of the Institute of Engineers, the British Association, just closed, and those of other important bodies. Sandwiched between all these functions, the Lord Provost has had a good time, and the other Magistrates also, in welcoming the Lord Mayor of London and in buzzing

It is rumoured that the site of the old Prince of Wales's Theatre in Tottenham Street, Tottenham Court Road, the old home of the Bancrofts, the house which made their fortune and the reputation of Tom Robertson, is to be acquired by a syndicate, who propose to revive the glories of the whilom "Dustbin." There seems no objection to the idea. The nearest temples of the drama are the Princess's and the Shaftesbury, and the old house is in a populous neighbourhood. I never pass it without remembering Lady Bancroft's story of how, after telling a cabman to drive to the Prince of Wales's and getting into a thinking mood, she found herself at Marlborough House.

I am glad to see the vigorous efforts now being made by the directors of the Carl Rosa Company. Some of the works promised during the next campaign of the Company are very ambitious. For example, "The Prophet" of Meyerbeer will be given in an English version. Many of the best native vocalists will take part in the performances. It is also gratifying to see Dr. Stanford's "Much Ado About Nothing" announced, with, of course, English singers. Mr. Coates, by the way, who appeared in the Opera at Covent Garden, has been offered engagements in Germany, and sang with great success the other day at Cologne. German tenors are so scarce that Teutonic opera-managers are glad to get a tenor who can sing. That is a feat few German tenors can master. Their upper notes make one shudder, and their lower tones are almost invariably of the baritone quality. It will be amusing if in time English tenors are engaged as a special attraction in the Wagnerian Operas. I should not be at all surprised, as I know of several students with charming voices at the Royal Academy, the Royal College, and the Guildhall School of Music.



THE ROYAL YACHT "OSBORNE" CONVEYING KING EDWARD FROM KIEL TO COPENHAGEN, FOLLOWED BY THE CRUISERS "AUSTRALIA" AND "SEVERN."

Photo by Carl Spick, Kiel.

Romeo Beringer's Fresh Duel.

Playgoers who would realise how excellent Miss Esmé Beringer was as Romeo in a memorable matinée performance of Shakspeare's immortal love-drama should visit the Palace Theatre, where Mr. Charles Morton (gay and smiling as ever) has produced an exciting new fencing sketch, of which this charming, clever, and pretty young actress is the bright particular attraction. By the way, I wish the Management would ventilate better this popular Palace, which seems to me insufferably hot—possibly by reason of the large attendance nightly; all the more reason, then, why comfort should be secured by a thoroughly good system of ventilation without draughts such as gave me neuralgia at a recently opened theatre. But the play is the thing. And most stirring is the duel in question at the Palace. It is the crowning feature of a capital miniature drama, in which Miss Esmé Beringer, as Geoffrey, enters the house of Lord Savario to avenge his dishonoured sister. Both Miss Esmé Beringer and Mr. George Silver fight with remarkable spirit, using rapiers and daggers with equal skill. Poetical justice is done by Savario receiving a fatal thrust at the very moment his innamorata knocks at the locked door for admission. So admirable is Miss Esmé Beringer in "At the Sword's Point" that a cute Manager should reap a small fortune by the revival of some such romantic drama as "The Duke's Motto," engaging the fair fencer to play Fechter's famous part with the dash and "go" of that chivalric stage-king of love-makers.

Coachmakers' Congress at Bristol.

This is surely a record year in the annals of the Institute of British Carriage Manufacturers, whose annual meeting is taking place this week in the greatest port of the West Countree. It is certainly a notable event that a carriage-builder living as far North as Dingwall, in Scotland—Mr. Alexander Naughty—should have been chosen President of this important national Association, and that he should travel as far South as Bristol to preside over the Congress at the comfortable Royal Hotel. Personification of urbanity and geniality, Mr. Naughty is, however, admirably fitted for this post by tactful ability as a speaker, and he enjoys the advantage of the cordial co-operation of his predecessors and of a zealous Committee. The Lord Mayor of Bristol (Mr. J. Colthurst Godwin, J.P.), the High Sheriff, and the President of the Bristol Chamber of Commerce hospitably welcomed the British Carriage Manufacturers, who have an energetic Chairman of the local Committee in Mr. S. G. Turner, of the firm of Messrs. Perry and Co., and an indefatigable local Secretary in Mr. J. Fuller Eberle, of Messrs. J. Fuller and Co. Coaching trips will add to the pleasure of the Conference. To-day there will be drives to Clifton Suspension Bridge (which many of us remember as it spanned the Thames at Charing Cross), Leigh Woods, Durdham Downs, and to various places and works of interest in industrious Bristol; and on Thursday there will be an excursion to Tintern Abbey. *The Sketch* cordially wishes continued success to the Institute of British Carriage Manufacturers.

Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Play.

Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Play is in a Prologue and three Acts. It is humorous, at times almost tragic, and through its entirety there runs a fairy-story, which should make it a favourite piece with young as well as old playgoers. The author has contributed ten original poems or lyrics to this tale of Romulus and Remus in Hindostan, but the composer of the music is not yet selected. Perhaps that graceful master of melody, Mr. Florian Pascal, will be the man chosen, but, unfortunately, he is in ill-health just now. The story of how Mr. Kipling was induced to write

the play at all is interesting. It was entirely due to the activity of Mr. H. Hay Cameron, the celebrated photographic artist, the first-cousin of Lady Henry Somerset, the Duchess of Bedford, and of Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A. An Oriental in his scenic proclivities, Mr. Cameron resolved, three years ago, to ask Mr. Kipling to write this dramatic work. The Jungle man's answer, though perfectly courteous, was not satisfactory. He did not want to write a play—he was too occupied with other work. Mr. Cameron, one of the most popular men in London, whose great-grandfather was executed at the Tower, his head exposed on Temple Bar, and his remains buried under the altar in the Savoy Chapel, had then taken the Lyceum Theatre, but Mr. Kipling was not to be lured from his Rottingdean retreat. Last year, twenty-four months after the original offer, Mr. Kipling wrote to Mr. Cameron saying that he had altered his mind. He would be a dramatist. Down sped the artist of sunny nature to the artist of sunny ideas. The result was wholly satisfactory. Unfortunately, Mr. Cameron must produce the play at Christmas, and wanted to bring it out at the Garrick Theatre. Negotiations were opened up with Mr. Bourchier, but Mr. Bourchier could not, under existing conditions, give up his playhouse. However, other negotiations are now in progress, and I should not be surprised if this delightful play—quite novel and beautiful in its treatment—became the great success of the winter holiday season. I know of one actor of the first rank who has offered to give up his salary to play in the piece. Whatever be the ultimate result, it is sure to be a financial success, and inquiries as to the production are so great that a box-office keeper told me that, if he only knew the chosen playhouse, he could even now sell all the seats for six weeks in advance.



MISS ESMÉ BERINGER IN THE SPIRITED FENCING SKETCH, "AT THE SWORD'S POINT,"
AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

Photo by Lyddell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.

Their friendship is due to the sympathy of both with sports as material development of national physique. The German Emperor is an enthusiast with regard to yachting, horse-breeding, driving, and athletic sports. So is the Earl. The consequence is that they have discussed these matters with the knowledge of authorities from different points of view. I believe that they first met at the Royal Yacht Squadron, at Cowes, when Lord Lonsdale, who is an adept at yacht-racing, frankly gave his opinion as to the qualities of the *Meteor*. He has entertained his Imperial friend at Cowes and Lowther Castle, and his Imperial friend has entertained him at Berlin and Potsdam.

Lord Lonsdale has gone over to Germany to visit his personal friend, the Kaiser.

The Duke of Cornwall and Lord Kitchener.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, in the course of their memorable visit to South Africa, where they were welcomed with enthusiasm in every city honoured with their presence, are not likely to forget their meeting with the Commander-in-Chief upon whom so heavy a burden has rested since Lord Roberts returned home. Lord

Kitchener, on his side, doubtless appreciated most highly the brief temporary cessation from campaigning offered by his short stay in Natal whilst their Royal Highnesses sojourned in that brave and loyal Colony. His Lordship is represented in the little snapshot here printed near our gallant Sailor-Prince, who is shown distributing the Victoria Cross to some of the conspicuous heroes of the War which his Lordship is energetically bringing to a close, as we all hope.



Lord Kitchener.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK PRESENTING "V.C.'S" TO HEROES OF THE WAR AT MARITZBURG.

MISS EMMA GOLDMAN, CHARGED AT CHICAGO WITH INCITING TO VIOLENCE.

illustrates with accustomed skill the novel of the week, Mr. F. Frankfort Moore's delightful new romance, "A Nest of Linnets," the subject of an interesting Interview with that popular author in this week's *Sketch*.

Maskelyne Mobilised.

One would as soon expect the Houses of Parliament or the Tower of London to tour the provinces as "Maskelyne and Cooke," yet the experiment—which in anyone else's hands would be bound to fail—has been an astonishing success. The name of Mr. Maskelyne is, of course, the chief commercial asset. Hundreds are being turned away nightly in the provincial towns which the "show" is touring. The performance

John Jellicoe. In the bright and varied pages of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* you may have often admired the graceful Drawings of theatrical scenes by Mr. John Jellicoe. I

note with pleasure that this clever Artist

is almost an exact duplicate of that seen at the Egyptian Hall. The enterprise was started not long ago, with young Mr. Maskelyne in charge. He is not likely to give away any family secrets, and elaborate precautions are taken to prevent anyone else knowing too much. The men taken round to work the illusions from behind the scenes are taught separately, and screened off from one another in the wings! The managing partner and prime mover in this "mobilisation of the Egyptian Hall" is the universally known illusionist, Mr. David Devant, who, when not detained in town by private engagements, performs some of his own wonderful sleight-of-hand on tour. The repertoire is, of course, enormous, and is constantly changed in its entirety.

Charming Souvenir of Gloucester Musical Festival.

A word of well-merited praise to Mr. Edwin Debenham for his elegant and appreciative "Souvenir and Illustrated Record of the Gloucester Musical Festival of 1901"! To clear views

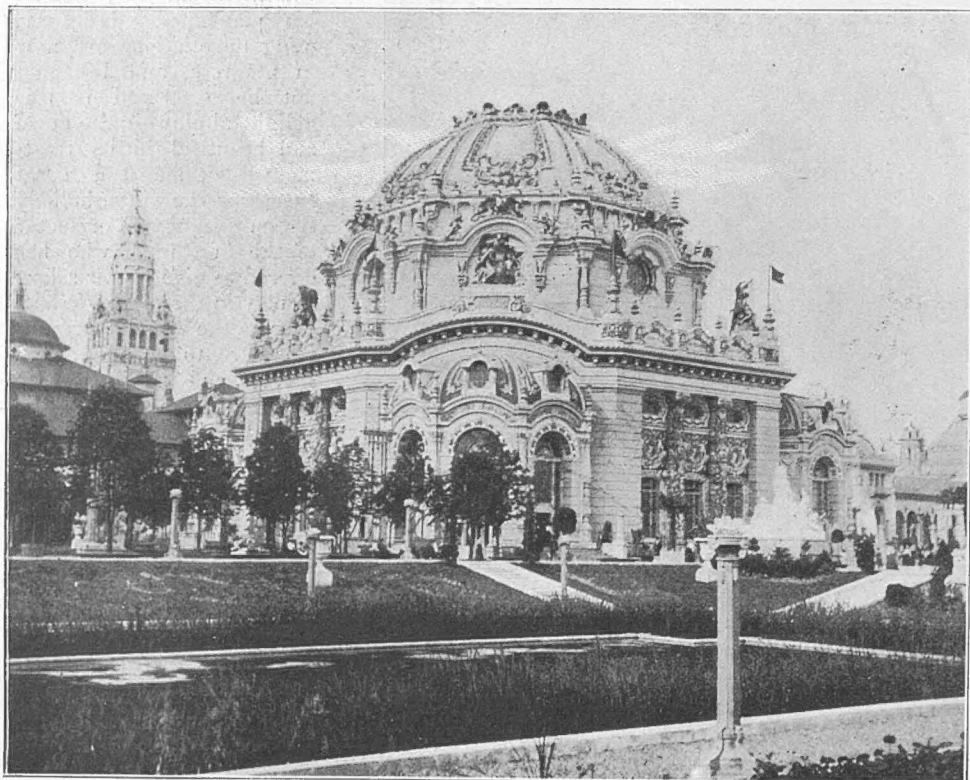
of the beautiful Cathedral are added portraits of Madame Albani, Mr. Ben Davies, Miss Ada Crossley, Mr. William and Mr. Plunket Green, and the rest of the gifted vocalists who took part in the great Festival under the bâton of Mr. A. Herbert Brewer; and in sympathetic style has Mr. Debenham traced the history of the Three Choirs. This tasteful memento is published by Messrs. Minchin and Gibbs, 155, Westgate Street, Gloucester.



MR. MASKELYNE.

Photo by Austin and Son, Upper Tooting.

THE BUFFALO EXHIBITION.



THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC, IN WHICH THE DASTARDLY ANARCHIST CZOLGOSZ SHOT PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

Photo by A. Russell Willson, Upper Clapton.

Prospects of the Oyster Season.

There is, it appears, a steady and even a growing demand for oysters in the close season, and the epicure who would as soon eat a partridge in July as an oyster in a month without an "r" in its name would be surprised at the quantities consumed, we are told by the *Daily Telegraph*, our favourite journal. It is important to learn that this season's prospects are distinctly good. A succession of winters without excessive frost has been vastly in favour of the conditions of our own sources of supply, and it is reassuring to know that those leading Billingsgate firms which took such prompt and public-spirited action in closing beds in which there was the smallest possibility of sewage contamination are unrelaxing in their attention to the purity of the goods they offer. Indeed, in the words of an important official of the company, "the hall-marked oyster" has become an existent fact, and the buyer dealing through a respectable fishmonger and paying a reasonable price need now be under no qualms. Even yet there are possibilities that should not be neglected. One of these, on which the company speaks with the utmost emphasis, is "the need to impress upon all retailers the great importance of cleanliness in storing their oysters."

VISIT OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA TO FRANCE:

A QUARTETTE OF DISTINGUISHED FRENCHMEN.



M. LOUBET, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.
Photo by Nadar, Marseilles.



GENERAL ANDRÉ, FRENCH SECRETARY OF WAR.
Photo by Boyer, Paris.



ADMIRAL MÉNARD,
IN COMMAND OF THE FRENCH FLEET AT DUNKIRK.
Photo by Pirou, Paris.



ADMIRAL GERVAIS, WHO COMMANDED THE FLEET ON THE OCCASION
OF THE CZAR'S PREVIOUS VISIT TO FRANCE.
Photo by Pirou, Paris.

The French President and Hand-Shaking.

The President of the French Republic (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) does not have the hand-shaking to do that is suffered by the President in America. This is thanks to the French police, who destroyed this habit in the egg, so to speak. President MacMahon loved, they say, to shake hands. He wanted to touch all the hands tendered to him. We know to-day by the memoirs of a police-inspector that he was allowed to indulge himself in this pleasure; he was permitted to shake all the hands he liked, and he never knew that the hands he shook were always the hands of his secret police. His successor knew it, and took the hint.

President Loubet's Bodyguard.

President Loubet is well protected. His secret guard consists of twelve men, under the orders of a Police Commissioner. These men watch constantly over his person. When he receives, they mingle with the guests close by him; and when he goes out they follow him, and have orders never to lose him an instant from view. When he drives, they accompany him on bicycles, and it is only then that they can be recognised. This guard of thirteen men alone costs the State the nice little sum of seventy-five thousand francs a year.

To Protect the Czar.

The French Police heard of the attack on President McKinley in the midst of their preparations to receive the Czar. It is within bounds to say that there was almost a panic, for they feel the safeguarding of the Imperial Russian Family to be a heavy responsibility. The Russian Secret Police, of whom there are a considerable number permanently in Paris, will lend their aid indirectly, but the responsibility rests wholly with the Police of France. All the Anarchists known and catalogued—at Paris there are some two hundred of them—are under lock and key. Five years ago, when the Czar was in Paris, everybody admired two superb Cossacks in national costume who acted as outriders to the Imperial carriage. They were men of the Secret Police, and they are likely to reappear.

It was a colossal work to prepare Compiègne for the Imperial guests, for the château was nearly dismantled, only two or three historical suites being left pretty nearly intact. There were four hundred bedrooms to prepare, including the suites of which they make part; three hundred and fifty windows had to have new draperies, and a hundred and fifty new mattresses had to be made. The museum of the *garde-meuble* was emptied, and the furniture used for the "Palace of the Sovereigns" last summer, which had been sent to Versailles, was all trucked out to Compiègne, and a great deal more besides, to say nothing of the electric-lighting and telephones and other fangles which the old château never saw before.

The Czarina's Children.

The Czarina, who has never consented to be separated a single day from her children, takes all the little Grand Duchesses with her to France. The Grand Duchess Olga, now six years old, is making her second visit to her father's allies, while the wee Grand Duchess Anastasie, who is only so many months, now makes her first long journey outside Russia. The nurse is a fine milch-cow, an English cow, since she comes from the Royal stables of Sandringham. The cow goes in a stable-car attached to all the Imperial trains, and she has a place made for her on the Imperial yacht. Thus they travelled to the Crimea, and thus they will come to France.

General André.

The French Minister of War, General André (portrayed with the President and distinguished Admirals in this week's *Sketch*), will be during the Czar's visit very much to the fore. In his splendid physique, in his great activity, in his fine, open countenance, on which is printed the high sentiment of fearless duty, and in his intellectual qualities, he is the type of an accomplished soldier and unpretentious gentleman. He looks like an Alsatian, and I understand that, though born in France, he comes of a branch of the Alsatian family of André, rich bankers to-day at Paris and well-known Protestants. General André is sixty-three years old, and has been Brigadier-General since 1893.

A Great French Sailor.

Admiral Gervais is not only France's greatest naval commander, he is also a most charming and accomplished man-of-the-world, and an intimate personal friend of several members of the Russian Imperial Family. He was in supreme command of the French Fleet which paid so memorable a visit to Cronstadt, and there is no doubt that he played a real part in bringing about the Franco-Russian Alliance. Admiral Gervais knows a great deal about the Navies of the world. He is a good linguist, and reads all that is written in English and German on his special subject.

Admiral Ménard.

Vice-Admiral Ménard is in charge of the French Fleet which is to-day to receive the Emperor and Empress of Russia at Dunkirk. This gallant officer is the direct counterpart of Admiral Gervais, who had the same honour five years ago. He looks like a rich *bourgeois-gentilhomme*; but they say that under the snow-drifts of his brows there are piercing black eyes full of will. He is known in the Fleet as "the old Tapir." He is reputed by the French to know more about the coasts of England than any Englishman.

A Delicate Attention.

Those who go down to the Bibliothèque Nationale (continues my Paris representative) will note with surprise that its principal literary gems are absent. The story is passingly amusing. Down at Compiègne it was noticed that predatory visitors had cleared out the book-shelves in the château. Accordingly, so that the Czar may have the chance of spending sundry hours in burning the midnight oil with ancient literature, the National Museum has been turned upside-down.

Lieut. Hon. F. Baring. Lieut. C. Crichton.
The Marquis of Winchester. Lieut. Lord Ashburton. Lieut. R. Nicholson. Vet.-Lieut. Lieut. G. Kerr.



Capt. W. Cory. Surgeon-Lieut. Dill. Capt. H. Holt. Col. W. Woods. Capt. J. Seely. Lieut. Sir R. Rycroft.
Lieut. Greenwell. [Photo by the Royal Central Studios, Bournemouth.]

OFFICERS OF THE OLD-ESTABLISHED CORPS, THE HAMPSHIRE CARABINIERS, WHO HAVE JUST COMPLETED THEIR ANNUAL TRAINING AT SWANAGE.

One of the peculiar dislikes of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the French Premier, is the hotel-waiter. A friend who dined at Jersey several times in the same café tells me that the appearance of M. Waldeck-Rousseau sent a thrill through the whole *personnel*. He gave his orders with the voice of a Stentor, and up till the very moment that he was served his fist rose and fell mechanically. He was well attended to, and to the detriment of the other visitors.

The fact that Sarah Bernhardt has passed over to a younger actress the rôle of Marguerite Gautier in the revival in Paris of the "Dame aux Camélias" recalls the story of her first

appearance at the Porte St. Martin in the character, twenty years or more ago. It was in mid-winter, but just before the curtain went up a phenomenal thunder-storm burst over the city. The younger Dumas, who was in the house, was as nervous as Sarah, who has a mortal fear of lightning. It was a huge success notwithstanding, but so highly strung were Sarah's nerves that blood was pouring from her mouth after the death-scene.

Toulouse Lautrec.

The death of poor Toulouse Lautrec removes one of the most remarkable artists, in some ways, of the time. I knew him well (adds my Paris Correspondent), and it came as a surprise to me when I read that he was descended from the very finest of the French aristocracy, his ancestors having fought in the First Crusade and in regal days were among the few great families that might contract marriage with a member of the reigning House of France. Lautrec was cursed by Nature from his birth with the stature of a dwarf and the head of a giant. He made no attempt to rise from the commonest form of Bohemianism. He was too well known in every cabaret in Montmartre, and always with the deadly absinthe before him. Like André Gille, his mind broke down under the strain and he was sent to a lunatic asylum. When he was released, I met him on the Boulevard Clichy. He was nervous to a degree, and I was almost afraid to accompany him to a café. All I could get out of the poor fellow was an indication by the finger of some poor Cigale laughing heartily and the inevitable remark, "You see that laugh dies away. She is bound to go mad." I tried to turn the conversation to his historic posters of Yvette Guilbert, but it was of no avail. He knew that madness lurked in him as he believed it did in every one of the wild night-lifed Montmartre crowd. It was the last time I ever saw him, and I had a presentiment that it would be so.

The Kaiser at Königsberg.

A new church was opened at Königsberg the other day (says my Berlin Correspondent). The name of the sacred edifice is the Saint Louisa Church. The Emperor performed the inaugural ceremony with all the pomp of a Bishop, Emperor, and King combined.

Herr von Seckendorff.

I learn on exceptionally good authority that the late Empress Frederick has left by will a sum of no less than four million marks, or £200,000, as a mark of her personal esteem and regard for her devoted Private Secretary, Count Seckendorff. The Count, to whom the Emperor recently presented a grand Order, is a very handsome man, a typical specimen of a German officer, and is now about sixty years of age.

Prince Chun.

The Berliners still continue to flock daily to the front of the hotel where Prince Chun is staying, in order to catch a glimpse of his Chinese pigtail and gay costume. The Prince, meanwhile, has been proving a popular guest to the chief tradesmen of the place. He was at one of the largest stores in Berlin, the other day, buying every imaginable kind of article of use or ornament to give to his friends. He is to present to the German Emperor a dozen bales of lovely Chinese silk, besides various very handsome ornaments resplendent with rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones. He wished to give all the numerous servants of the Imperial Household presents innumerable. This, however, the Emperor naturally refused to sanction.

The late Dr. von Miquel.

In the death of the former Minister of Finance, Dr. von Miquel, Germany has lost a most valuable servant. Prussia especially has much for which to thank the late President of the Ministry. He it was who reformed the whole system of the finances and taxation of this province, and even his bitterest enemies do not deny that he was a most clever and competent Minister, a very far-sighted politician, and an exceptionally good orator. Dr. von Miquel was bitterly disappointed when his resignation was accepted some few months ago by the German Emperor.

Berlin and the Buffalo Outrage.

Germany is not behind her neighbours in expressing her deepest horror at the dastardly crime committed in Buffalo (adds *The Sketch's* Berlin Correspondent). Everyone is asking what steps can be taken to put an effectual end to the evil machinations of those deranged individuals who call themselves

Anarchists. It is thought here that an International Congress ought to be held to discuss the question of legislation on the subject. At present, an Anarchist can easily flee from Germany to any of the States of America or to England. There, the Germans complain, he is allowed to meet his friends and hold Anarchist meetings without any fear of arrest. Such open defiance of the laws of civilised countries as is expressed in these public meetings ought not, it is held here, to be allowed.

Huntley to the Fore.

The brilliantly beautiful production of "Kitty Grey," yet another bright plume in the cap of Mr. George Edwardes, has turned the tide of fortune in the direction of the Apollo Theatre; and, though the chief attractions of this exceedingly bright and amusing musical comedy, the joint work of many gifted composers, are naturally sweet-voiced Edna May and Evie Greene, yet the quaint, dry humour of Mr. G. P. Huntley as the good-natured Earl of Plantagenet has much to do with the instant success of "Kitty Grey." If you need a hearty laugh, book seats for the Apollo, and join in the hilarity evoked by Mr. G. P. Huntley in each scene enlivened by his fun and drollery of a novel kind.

Sir Evelyn Wood's Successor.

Lieut. - General T. Kelly-Kenny, C.B., who succeeds Sir Evelyn Wood as Adjutant-General to the Forces, probably owes his advancement to the organising ability he gave proof of as Commander

on more than one occasion, particularly for his services at Paardeberg, he was promoted Lieutenant-General for "distinguished service in the Field." Among the appointments he has held in the past is that of Commander of an Infantry Brigade at Aldershot, and for two years before the War he was Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces and of Recruiting. His appointment to the War Office is a very popular one, although perhaps somewhat unexpected.

The appointment of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught to be Colonel-in-Chief of the Highland Light Infantry is an honour which will be much appreciated by the old 71st and 74th. This is not the Duke's first connection with this famous Scottish corps (the only Highland "trewed" regiment in the Army), for he has been Honorary Colonel of its Militia battalions for some years now, and has worn its unique uniform, Highland jacket, trews, and diced shako, on various ceremonial occasions, including the presentation of colours to the Gordon Highlanders by King Edward a year or two ago, which was pictured in the pages of *The Sketch*. The "H.L.I.'s" boast the longest array of battle-honours of any regiment in the Service, except the four-battalion regiments of Rifles—the old Sixtieth and the Rifle Brigade, and the 1st Battalion of the regiment at Magersfontein and since has greatly distinguished itself. The Duke is now Colonel-in-Chief of two Scottish regiments—for he is, of course, at the head of the Scots Guards—an Irish regiment, the Inniskilling Dragoons (also at "the Front"), and the green-coated regiment in which he saw most of his regimental service, the Prince Consort's Own Rifle Brigade, whose Commander he has been since May 1880.

Engagement of the Countess of Portarlington.

The Countess of Portarlington, widow of the late Earl of Portarlington, who died last year, will be married quietly on the 25th of this month to the Hon. Henry Berkeley Portman, the wedding taking place at St. George's Church, Hanover Square. Lady Portarlington is the daughter of the late Lord Nigel Kennedy, granddaughter of the late Earl of Cassillis, and cousin of the Marquis of Ailsa. She was married to the fifth Earl of Portarlington in 1881, and has two sons (the elder of whom, Lord Portarlington, is just eighteen) and three daughters, and the family estates are Came House, Dorchester, and Emo Park, Portarlington. The bridegroom-elect is the second son of Viscount Portman, of Bryanston, Blandford, Dorsetshire; Wentworth Lodge, Bournemouth; and 22, Portman Square. He is the grandson of the late Viscount Milton (eldest son of the fifth Earl Fitzwilliam), great-nephew of the veteran Earl Fitzwilliam (who will be eighty-six on the 12th of next month), and great-grandson of the third and last Earl of Liverpool.

A Gem-Loving Marquis.

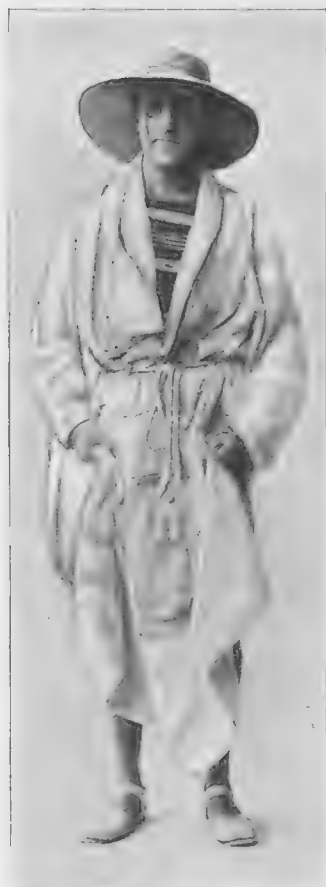
Lord Anglesey, whose jewels were stolen at the Walsingham Hotel on the Tuesday of last week, has but one great hobby, namely, precious stones. He has collected them all his life, and never loses an opportunity of wearing the most valuable pins, links, and studs. It was estimated that during his short engagement to his future Marchioness he presented her with thirty thousand pounds' worth of gems, set and unset, and she was covered with jewels on her wedding morning. Lord Anglesey has collected gems and jewels all over the world. He is a true connoisseur in precious stones and knows in a moment when a really fine specimen is submitted for his approval. His favourite stones are emeralds, now the most valuable of all gems save pearls, and he possesses many unique examples of this exquisite green stone. Long before jewelled chains became fashionable, Lord Anglesey threaded his gems in this pretty way; but, of course, his most valuable gems are not pierced—many are simply surrounded with plain gold and silver rims.

An Editor's Reminiscences.

Everyone who has any knowledge of Sir Douglas Straight, the urbane and accomplished Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is certain that the volume of reminiscences he has in hand will surpass in interest the majority of recent books of that character. Sir Douglas Straight was knighted on his retirement in 1892 from the post he had held for thirteen years as Judge of the High Court of Judicature at Allahabad.



MISS ROSE DUPRÉ,
WHO GIVES A GOOD PERFORMANCE OF LADY ORREYED IN
"THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY," AT THE ROYALTY.
Photo by Dickens.



MR. G. P. HUNTLEY,
VERY FUNNY AS PLANTAGENET IN
THE MUSICAL COMEDY OF
"KITTY GREY," AT THE APOLLO
Photo by Langflier, Glasgow.

of the Bloemfontein District, to which position Earl Roberts appointed him directly the Orange Free State Capital was occupied. Lieutenant-General Kelly-Kenny is an old "Queen's" officer, and served with distinction in the Chinese War of 1860 and in the Abyssinian Expedition seven years later. He has filled various important positions at home, and when the War broke out was appointed Commander of the Sixth Division. Highly recommended by the Commander-in-Chief in despatches



LETTERS TO DOLLIE—WITH FOREIGN POSTMARKS.

II.

Gothenburg to Stockholm by the Göta Canal—The Wonderful Importance of the Captain—Some Dainty Dishes for Tired Palates—The County Councillor Abroad—A Little Useful Instruction—Summing-up and Verdict.

STILL impelled by that overwhelming desire to show you something of the world through my spectacles, dear Dollie, I tore myself away from Gothenburg and embarked on a boat that should take me, by way of the Göta Canal, to Stockholm. The Göta Canal—I insist, you see, on combining a little instruction with all this hilarity—is divided into two branches, the Western Canal and the Eastern Canal. The Western branch includes Lake Venern, and the Eastern branch Lake Wetter. These lakes are so large as to form inland seas—a fact of which I inform you with particular pride because I was not in the least bit ill on either of them.

The whole journey through the Canal takes three days, and is quite the laziest way of travelling that I have yet struck. Sometimes you make about four miles in the hour; at other times you are content to devote four hours to the mile. The chief event of the day, I need hardly assure you, is dinner. This substantial meal is served any time between two o'clock and four; it just depends upon when it is convenient for the Captain to leave the bridge. At least, that's how it was on my boat, where the skipper took himself very seriously. I have seen a Judge on the Bench, I have seen an Archbishop in his Cathedral, but never have I seen such an amount of dignity to one human being as our Captain displayed when it was his duty to cut the first piece out of a glorified jam-puff.

But I was going to tell you, when my enthusiastic recollections of the skipper carried me away from the subject, about the dinner. We always led off with what are known, in Swedish, as *smörgås*, or, in plain French, *hors d'œuvres*. These are spread out on a side-table, together with some decanters of raw spirits, and everybody, ladies included, has got to swarm around and secure as much of each dish as he or she can crowd on to one small plate. Then you retire to a corner with your spoil, just as a dog takes a bone to his kennel, and worry through a couple of sardines, some anchovies, a slice of ham, a portion of omelette, a piece of cheese, a kidney, and a large round of hard brown bread that looks like linoleum but tastes more like cocoa-nut matting.

When this disgraceful orgie has more or less simmered down into a state of incipient indigestion, you take your proper seat at the table, and dinner begins. I won't trouble you, dear Dollie, with a complete list of

the death-dealing dishes that were daily set before us, but I think it only right to advise you that, acting solely on your behalf, I put an open jam-tart in my clear soup and eked out a plate of veal with pickled onions, stewed peas-pods, and red-currant jam. Don't imagine, please,

that I want to brag of these achievements, but, when next you hear a lady speaker at a Women's Suffrage Meeting say that the days of chivalry are past, perhaps you will just get up in your place and read out this paragraph.

Dinner over—how simple it seems to write those two words! And how little I expected ever to hold a pen again!—we would help each other up to the deck and take large draughts of black coffee until the sun, sinking in the west, steeped the clear sky in a flood of golden glory. Of course, it is possible that even then we might have gone on drinking coffee, but one usually found it advisable to take a little nap in one's berth as a sort of preparation for supper. Supper was rather like dinner, only less so, and, after it had been annihilated, we would ascend once more to the deck, light our cigars—the men, I mean: the ladies only tapped their fingers on the gunwale or fidgetted with their feet—and think each his own thoughts to the accompaniment of the gentle swirl of the water at the bows and the soft rustlings of the south wind in the trees on either bank.

I was not the only Englishman on board, but it's too late to grumble now. Besides, one's own countrymen, I think, are apt to be far more amusing in a strange land than they can ever dare to be at home. They give themselves such delightfully absurd airs, and are so eager to let you know that they are really people of importance, although they haven't brought a frock-coat with them. They also have a diverting way of adopting gracious and patronising airs towards the natives they meet. Thus, I heard one dear old boy, who had previously told me at great length that he owned an estate of a thousand acres and was a County Councillor, cross-examining an intelligent young Swede as to the actual necessity for the existence of Sweden.

"Tell me," he said, pompously, "have you an Army in Sweden?"

"Three hundred thousand men," said the Swede. He spoke English rather better than the County Councillor.

"Ah! And why do you have an Army?"

"Well," said the Swede, "in a case of emergency, we should probably expect them to do something towards defending the country."

"Indeed! And do you think they would be successful in their efforts?"

"I think some of them might possibly be inclined to do their duty."

He was perfectly grave, and the County Councillor floundered on as though he were addressing a Mothers' Meeting in his own village on the subject of teething.

I must now lay down my pen for a moment and read over what I have so far written. . . . Ah! just as I feared. Plenty of amusement, but not enough instruction. We shall therefore turn our attention, for a brief period, to the Falls of Trollhättan. These Falls, which the traveller by the Göta Canal must not fail to see, are six in number and one hundred and eight feet in height. They are not particularly picturesque, but the water comes tumbling down with a good deal of fuss and noise, and there are a number of jagged rocks at the bottom which helped me to realise how very unpleasant it would be to get pushed over the edge. To ascend from the foot of the Falls to the summit is a tiring and thirsty piece of work, and therefore, if time permit, a visit should be paid to the local hotel and a glass of Pilsener beer indulged in. (I don't like to conclude the sentence with a preposition, and I would much rather split a bottle of soda-water than an infinitive, but this guide-book business is very catching; and soon corrupts one's style.)

Reviewed, then, as a whole, the journey from Gothenburg to Stockholm by the Göta Canal is very restful, very picturesque, and not so dyspeptic as you might imagine. I forgot to say that one sometimes comes across as many as half-a-dozen locks in a group. To see the boat go through these locks reminds one of a gentleman who has dined joyously off champagne and old port navigating a steep flight of stairs.

P.S.—I shall probably take the Göta Canal trip again on my honeymoon.



THE SKIPPER TOOK HIMSELF SERIOUSLY.



"Chic"

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK AND THE DOMINION.

THEIR Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York complete their grand tour in the greatest of all the "Britains Beyond the Seas"—the Dominion of Canada. There once, no doubt, was a time when, thanks to the apathy or short-sightedness of Imperial statesmen, the people of Canada had some cause for thinking that themselves and their splendid land were not properly esteemed by the Mother Country, but, fortunately, that time has long passed by. Still, as a matter of history, the great majority of

CANADIANS HAVE NEVER WAVERED IN THEIR DEVOTION TO THE CROWN;

nay, the backbone of Canada for generations has been formed by the heroically patriotic "United Empire Loyalists," who, at loss of all but life, preferred remaining members of the British Empire to becoming citizens of the United States. The Duke and Duchess have everywhere received a warm welcome, but nowhere will they be given one more cordial, more spontaneous, more sincere, than in the Dominion.

It is a land to be proud of—this Canada. It is already a great country in many ways, and in its enormous extent, in its vast resources, in the character of its inhabitants, it is easy to read the promise of a

Here the Duke and Duchess will be right royally entertained by one who is well known in England—indeed, a Peer of England, but who happens to be Montreal's leading citizen at the same time; that is, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. The second of Lord Strathcona's titles is, of course, derived from the name of the city.

After a day in Montreal, their Royal Highnesses will go on to

OTTAWA, THE POLITICAL CAPITAL OF THE COUNTRY.

Here there will be the usual Royal Procession through richly decorated streets, the objective on this occasion being the Parliament Grounds, where a National Address of Welcome and Congratulation will be presented to the Duke and Duchess, the procession subsequently continuing on to Rideau Hall, the State residence of the Governor-General, Lord Minto. Photographic and other views have made known very widely the extraordinary picturesqueness of the site of the Government Buildings of Ottawa and of the Chaudière Falls, which also are within the city, and the Duke and Duchess will find much to interest them. Of course, their visit to Ottawa would not be complete unless it included two things—one is to see a first-class game of lacrosse, the national pastime; the other to run the rapids above the city on a raft of timber manned by "voyageurs." A match for the Lacrosse Championship of Canada on the 20th will show them the former, while the lumbermen of the district have arranged for the latter on the 23rd. Running the rapids of the Ottawa will form a novel and exciting



QUEBEC (FROM POINT LEVIS), THE FIRST PLACE IN CANADA VISITED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK ON THEIR GRAND TOUR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL.

truly Imperial destiny. According to the official programme, their Royal Highnesses will cross the Dominion twice, and it may well be that they will realise, as perhaps they may not yet have done,

WHAT "GREATER BRITAIN" MEANS,

and the exceeding greatness of their own heritage, when, day after day, league after league, Canada unfolds herself majestically before them.

LANDING FROM THE "OPHIR" AT QUEBEC,

they will immediately be in what is perhaps the most interesting city in the Dominion. The situation of Quebec has always been considered one of the finest in the world, and, as the scene of the strangely dramatic events which led to the transference of Canada from France to England, the city takes a high place in the story of the making of the Empire. Quebec still remains a French town: its houses recall French architecture, its language is French, and many of its customs and ways are French. Yet, certain it is that the French-Canadians are loyal to the British Crown, and will undoubtedly turn out in their thousands to cheer the Heir to the Throne and his Consort. It will long be remembered, too, with peculiar pride in French Canada that when their Royal Highnesses visited the country they were received by a Prime Minister who was himself a French-Canadian—one of themselves, Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

From Quebec, with its stirring memories, the Royal party will proceed to Montreal—a city which has its place in history. Montreal, however, to-day stands out most prominently not only as the Commercial Capital of Canada, but also as its wealthiest and most populous centre.

experience. On the following day the Duke and Duchess will leave for Winnipeg, which they will reach after some forty-eight hours' continuous travel on the Canadian Pacific Railway. A great part of this portion of their journey will be through a wild, sparsely peopled, but very beautiful country, particularly at this season of the year, when autumn makes every scene

RICH AND WONDERFUL WITH ITS GOLD AND PURPLE.

Some fifty or sixty miles east of Winnipeg the Royal party will strike the prairies, and thereafter will behold nothing for hundreds of miles but the long, level lines of the great Plains, stretching westward like a sea to the Foot-hills of the Rockies. Winnipeg itself is one of the most thriving cities in the Dominion, and, as the centre of the greatest wheat region on the earth, is bound to become increasingly important as the enormous area tributary to it is developed.

Next, their Royal Highnesses will pass on to Regina, the capital of the North-West Territories; and then to Calgary, the gateway-city of the Rockies. At the latter place they will see a vast assembly of Indian tribes, as well as a typical exhibition of rough-riding by cowboys. A day later and they will be in the heart of the

WONDERLAND OF THE WORLD,

the Rocky Mountains, and then on, on, on, through scenery whose varied magnificence and grandeur no pen can adequately describe, to Vancouver, on the shores of the Pacific, a city which some day will rival, perhaps surpass, San Francisco.

ROBERT MACHRAY.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

A CHAT WITH ITS AUTHOR, MR. FRANKFORT MOORE.

TO-DAY is published by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. a fascinating new novel by Mr. Frankfort Moore, with the pretty and even poetic title of "A Nest of Linnets." The works of this popular author may be divided into two classes; one gives us living and lively presentments of our own time, the other no less living and lively presentments of certain periods of the past.

"A NEST OF LINNETS"

belongs to the latter category, the period selected being that of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. A year or two ago, Mr. Moore delighted us with his sparkling "Nell Gwynn, Comedian."

A representative of *The Sketch* called upon the distinguished novelist the other day at his home in Kensington, and discussed with him the new book, the writing of novels, the earnings of authors, and other subjects of interest; but, of course, principally the new book. By the way, this home of Mr. Moore is a veritable treasure-house of all manner of beautiful and valuable objects of art—carved oak, Sèvres, ormolu tables, Venetian glass, Louis Quinze furniture, and the like. And as he tells you the history of each article of price, he really makes for you a series of what might be called the "Little Novels of Frankfort Moore," for there is a tale attached to every one of them.

"Having dealt with such interesting eighteenth-century personages as Oliver Goldsmith (in 'The Jessamy Bride') and the lovely sisters Gunning (in 'The Fatal Gift'), you can easily imagine," said Mr. Moore to *The Sketch*, "that I found a congenial task in treating of the love-story of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the subject of 'A Nest of Linnets.'"

"The love-story of Sheridan and Miss Linley?"

THE LOVELY LINLEY.

"Yes, Sheridan and the lovely Miss Linley. Why, the portraits of her by such masters as Gainsborough and Reynolds should be enough to inspire any writer. Sir Joshua said that his picture of this lovely creature as St Cecilia was the best he had ever painted, and perhaps—though he said so himself—it is the best. Lovely though many of his sitters were, none of them could approach Elizabeth Linley in that charm which a great bishop (his accuracy is not to be impugned because he was an Irishman) said was more than half divine. And the 'St. Cecilia' of Reynolds is not more familiar than Gainsborough's picture, 'Miss Linley and her Brother,' now at Stowe.

"Every record that remains of the girl," continued Mr. Moore, enthusiastically, "from her childhood down to the moment when she wrote her last pathetic letter to her husband, only a few hours before her death, shows that her nature was the loveliest that ever made a woman, to quote the Irish bishop again,

MORE THAN HALF DIVINE.

She remained perfectly unspoiled by the admiration she excited all her life from persons of such various tastes as the Duchess of Devonshire, Edmund Burke, and David Garrick. And, by-the-bye, it was Burke

who styled the Linley household 'A Nest of Linnets,' and you may be sure I was not slow to accept the suggestion of what seems to me a perfect title for an eighteenth-century romance."

Now, given such a capable artist in words as Mr. Moore, and given also this thorough-going enthusiasm for his subject, the public have every right to expect that

"A NEST OF LINNETS" IS AN UNUSUALLY FINE NOVEL, nor will this expectation be disappointed. Mr. Moore was kind enough to indicate the course of the story—

"At the very height of her fame as a singer and as a beauty, Miss Linley became engaged to a certain Mr. Walter Long, a wealthy Squire of Wiltshire, who was sixty years of age, and it is on the eve of this engagement that the story begins. The engagement was an act of self-sacrifice on the girl's part, and, as may be supposed, her other suitors, who were many, heard of it with indignation; among them,

according to my novel, though not without ample historical justification, was Sheridan's elder brother, Charles. For a time, Mr. Long was the most unpopular person at Bath. He was satirised by Foote in his comedy,

'THE MAID OF BATH,'

and, on that account solely, some of Sheridan's biographers have pronounced him to be almost as contemptible a character as the girl's father, who was said to have made a bargain with Mr. Long for her—to have sold her. I treat Mr. Long more generously. Indeed, for some chapters you might think Long, and not Sheridan, the hero of the book."

"A change is brought about?"

"An accident revealed to the elderly Squire the fact that the girl was

IN LOVE WITH YOUNG SHERIDAN,

and thenceforward all his exertions are directed to the advancement of the young man's suit. The last chapter of the novel is devoted to Mr. Long's reflections after visiting the young couple in the cottage to which they retired after their union, mention being made of the circumstance that Sheridan is writing a comedy, one of the characters in which is a lady whom he has called Lydia Languish. Long doubts if the public will ever hear much more of her."

"And the villain of the piece?"

"No romance could be written of Sheridan and Miss Linley without introducing the 'villain of the piece,' as you suggest, and he was, of course, the Captain Mathews with whom Sheridan fought the two famous duels. Mathews plays an important part in 'A Nest of Linnets'—the part of the hawk, in fact; but it did not quite suit the scheme of my book to give the squalid details of these two encounters. My story is made to end with the mysterious elopement of the young lovers, and that was an event which preceded the duels. I could not have brought the duels in without setting at naught an established fact in history, you must see."

"Do you mind saying," Mr. Moore was asked, "if you find it more difficult and trying to write a story the scene of which is laid in the past—like this new book, for instance—than a modern story, one of to-day?" The question is suggested by your saying that you could not sin against history by bringing the duels into this Sheridan-Linley novel."

"A great deal more difficult. It is far harder to write a novel of the past than of the present."



MR. F. FRANKFORT MOORE, THE POPULAR NOVELIST, AUTHOR OF "A NEST OF LINNETS," ETC.

Photographed by F. Hollyer from the Portrait by H. de T. Glazebrook in the Royal Academy of 1901.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "THE UNDERCURRENT,"

THE NEW CRITERION COMEDY BY MR. R. C. CARTON.



MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH (MRS. ARTHUR BOURCHIER), WHO PLAYS
LADY SHELMERDINE.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, WHO PRODUCES THE PIECE AND PLAYS
SIR FRANK KENISTON.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walcay, Baker Street, W.



MISS COMPTON (WIFE OF MR. R. C. CARTON, THE AUTHOR), WHO
PLAYS COUNTESS ZECHYADI.

Photo by Mendel'sohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.



MR. DAWSON MILWARD, WHO PLAYS THE MARQUESS OF
LECKENBY.

Photo by O'Arum, Scarborough.

VISIT OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA TO FRANCE.

DUNKIRK: THE FRENCH LIVERPOOL.

DUNKIRK, the curious Franco-Flemish town which is this week enjoying unwonted festivity in honour of Nicholas II. and his gracious Consort, has been called the French Liverpool, and, though it would not be easy to find a place more architecturally different than is Dunkirk from the great Lancashire sea-port, there are curious similarities between the two maritime centres. As is the case with Liverpool, Dunkirk possesses a large cosmopolitan population, while the majority of the inhabitants, being to all intents and purposes Flemish, speak scarce any French. Again, from a commercial point of view, the place is exceptionally flourishing, and, as was once the case with Liverpool, Dunkirk at one time of its history was noted for its privateers.

DUNE-CHURCH.

Dune-Kerke literally means in Flemish "The Church of the Dunes." It was already a notable stronghold in the Middle Ages, and in the fourteenth century was burnt by the English. It is now strange to remember that at one time this typical Northern French fortified port was one of the most valued British possessions, perhaps the finest jewel in Cromwell's unregal but mighty crown, for it was awarded to Great Britain as his share after the Battle of the Dunes, a conflict in which his "Ironsides," commanded by Turenne, conquered the Spaniards and drove them away.

A BAD BARGAIN.

It is no easy matter to speculate what would have happened to Dunkirk had it not been that Charles II., with extraordinary levity and folly, parted with Dunkirk to Louis XIV., provoking, some two hundred

COMPIÈGNE: A COUNTRY OF PALACES.

FRANCE has been justly called "A Country of Palaces." Of the half-dozen beautiful châteaux which embellish the charming country lying round about Paris, there is none which can compare in charm and æsthetic beauty with Compiègne, which has been a Royal Palace since the days when Joan of Arc was held a prisoner there in 1430.

SEVERAL QUEENS HAVE ENLIVENED COMPIÈGNE

with their presence, and we may be sure that the young Empress of Russia will give these, her predecessors in the famous French Palace, more than a passing thought. It was there, for example, that the girl-bride, Marie Antoinette, first met the husband to whom she had been married by proxy some days previously. There also yet another Austrian Archduchess, Marie Louise, first met her Consort, the great Napoleon. A little later, Marie Antoinette's daughter, the sombre Duchesse d'Angoulême, spent some time at Compiègne as a middle-aged woman; and almost immediately after her departure into exile, Louis Philippe took up his quarters there in order that the marriage of his daughter, the Princess Louise, might be celebrated with King Leopold I. of Belgium with due and splendid pomp.

WHEN LOUIS NAPOLEON BECAME EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH,

he delighted in gathering together large parties of his friends and supporters in the charming old Palace where his famous uncle had also loved to disport himself, and, according to popular rumour, it was there that finally took place his engagement to the lovely Spanish Countess,



CHÂTEAU DE COMPIÈGNE, WHERE THE CZAR AND CZARINA ARE TO BE THE HONOURED GUESTS OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

years after, the biting lines written by an anonymous wag across the base of one of the "Merry Monarch's" statues—

Here's the King who sold Dunkirk to the French,
And gave all the gold to a naughty little wench.

THE HERO OF DUNKIRK.

All those interested in the naval history of the world, and in those heroic figures which belong to Christendom at large rather than to any one nation, know something of Jean Bart, who, from being the son of a poor fisherman, rose in time to become the greatest naval commander France has ever seen, for to call him the French Nelson is no exaggeration. The hero of a hundred fights, Jean Bart once all but took William of Orange prisoner on the high seas. Had he done so, it would probably have meant the restoration of the Stuart dynasty. Next year will be celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of his death, which occurred at Dunkirk of an attack of pleurisy, he at the time being only fifty-two.

THE "AUBERGE À BAZIN."

Lovers of R. L. Stevenson will remember the dramatic scene—one of the most moving and remarkable in contemporary fiction—which takes place in "Catriona" among the great Dunes surrounding Dunkirk, and where meet together James More Macgregor, Allan Bret Stuart, and David Balfour. Dunkirk also plays a certain rôle in more than one of the historical romances written by the indefatigable Dumas père, but it is not a place often visited by the British tourist.

DUNKIRK AND THE CZAR.

Whilst the French Government has organised a naval display worthy the occasion—a display the Queen of the Palace Steamers' Fleet, *La Marguerite*, makes a special excursion from Tilbury to witness—an enormous sum of money has been spent by the enthusiastic people of Dunkirk in order to welcome their Imperial guests in a fitting fashion, and the street-decorations are wonderfully beautiful and picturesque, the fine old houses—notably the quaint building known as the Chamber of Commerce—lending themselves admirably to showy decoration. Two days of Imperial junketings can well be afforded once in a hundred years; and, in addition to the Emperor and Empress of Russia and their suite, Dunkirk is also entertaining the esteemed President of the French Republic and the officers of the various Squadrons.

Eugénie de Montijo. The story goes that on one occasion the Emperor's beautiful lady-love and her mother were at a window on the ground-floor, when the Emperor, riding by, proposed to come in there and then and pay them a short call. "I think I can manage it quite well," observed the Emperor, measuring the distance between himself and the window. "Oh no, Sire!" replied the young lady, smiling; "you will have to first go through the chapel!" It is said that the Emperor took the hint, for the Imperial betrothal was announced the same evening.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS AND THE EMPRESS ALIX

have been awarded the splendid suite of apartments formerly occupied by Napoleon I. and Marie Louise, and later by Napoleon III. and Eugénie. These rooms are almost exactly as they were in the days when the Corsican conqueror had them fitted up as a bridal suite for himself and his Austrian bride. The bed on which the Autocrat of All the Russias will take his rest appears to be of solid gold, although, of course, it is only of gilt carved wood. It is surmounted by a canopy in the shape of a tent, designed, it is said, by the great Napoleon himself, this canopy being supported by spear-shaped ornaments. The Empress's room is a delightful apartment, bright, sunny, and airy; each piece of furniture is worth a fortune, the style being of the purest First Empire, with only one exception—the bed, for this couch, of British make, was chosen by the Empress Eugénie on one of her many visits to this country.

FORMER ROYAL VISITORS.

Curiously enough, Nicholas II. is the third Russian Emperor who has visited Compiègne in the last hundred years. In 1814, Alexander I. accompanied the Allies to Paris. Louis XVIII. gave a great dinner in his honour, but, though the Czar received the most enthusiastic welcome from the inhabitants of Compiègne, the old French King did not behave with particular graciousness to his illustrious guest; he preceded him into the dining-room, and the Emperor observed in an aside to one who was present, "Louis is treating me in exact accordance with the ceremonial arranged when my ancestors were only Grand Dukes of Muscovy!" Alexander II., in 1867, was the guest of Napoleon and Eugénie. He was received with the greatest civilities by his host and hostess, everything was done to make his visit pleasant and even amusing,

VISIT OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA TO FRANCE.



THE QUAYS AND HARBOUR AT DUNKIRK, WHERE PRESIDENT LOUBET IS TO WELCOME THE CZAR AND CZARINA TO-DAY.

and to the end of his life he retained the most charming memories of Compiègne. King Edward and Queen Alexandra, as

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES,

also spent some happy days in the Palace where their Majesties' nephew and niece are now being entertained. A number of great hunting-parties were organised in honour of the future King of England, and it was on an occasion of the kind that King Edward all but lost his life. His Royal Highness was galloping down one of the grassy paths for which the forest is famous, when suddenly a huge stag, maddened with fright, dashed across the path at right-angles and knocked over rider and horse. By the greatest of good-luck, the Prince escaped

with only a few bruises, and, with characteristic courage, he went on riding to the end of the day, making quite light of his accident.

PRINCE IMPERIAL AND IMPERIAL PRINCESSES.

The four infant Grand Duchesses in whom the French people take so great an interest will occupy the delightful rooms which were once the favourite nurseries of the poor little Prince Imperial, the adored only son of Napoleon III. and his beautiful Empress. These rooms are very little changed, but they have, of course, been done up in honour of their new occupants, and a large sum of money has been spent in installing the electric-light all over the Palace.



A GENERAL VIEW OF COMPIÈGNE.

PREPARING THE AUTUMN DRAMA AT DRURY LANE.

THE latest effort of that incomparable producer, Mr. Arthur Collins, is to eclipse anything seen before at Old Drury. "The Great Millionaire" is to be wealthy in every department of attraction, which is making no rash assertion when it is borne in mind that the production is to cost not a penny less than £10,000. The front of the house has been altered to such an extent that it is practically a new auditorium, with much extra seating accommodation. This conversion is costing about £12,000.

For weeks the preparation of the drama has been in progress, keeping constantly busy a small army of workers. Four eminent scenic artists—Messrs. Emden, Caney, Bruce Smith, and McCleary—have for some time been engaged, with their many assistants, in producing the seventeen elaborate scenes. These will include massive sets which are destined to make London talk volubly and appreciatively. So far as my knowledge



MR. CECIL RALEIGH, AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT MILLIONAIRE,"
TO BE PRODUCED TO-MORROW NIGHT AT DRURY LANE.

Photo by Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

goes—and I have had "previous notice of the question"—I am persuaded to award the palm to that which depicts the interior of Guildhall. There is, however, another scene, in which the sensation of the piece occurs, where a literally striking effect is to be presented in the shape of a motor-car collision. It is interesting to learn that one of the most up-to-date and expensive motors is to be employed. I understand this vehicle alone is to run away with £700.

The scenes are also so arranged as to make a sudden and striking contrast between the squalor of the East and the ostentatious affluence of the West. In this direction there is to be a remarkable change from the interior of an enormous West-End hotel to a poverty-stricken slum in the East-End. As a set-off to these town pictures, there are to be some delightful peeps at Devonshire, so that the scenario will be sufficiently comprehensive. I shall, however, let my vote remain for the Guildhall scene.

Drury Lane stage has always been well adapted for big scenic effects, but Mr. Collins has had it altered in such a way that still greater scope exists for enormous stage-settings. For the new drama all the additional room will be utilised; also the wonderful mechanical appliances will be brought into full play. The most noted furnishing, dressing, and millinery firms have been invited to perform their very best in their respective artistic departments. A thousand pounds will not pay for the costly goods and chattels alone. I dare not venture upon an

estimate of the dressing and millinery, for who shall mark the limit of the ladies' expenditure?

It is interesting to watch the diligent and skilful dispositions of Mr. Collins at rehearsal. He has a keen and watchful eye, and it must be a very small detail indeed that could escape his attention. There are no fewer than fifty-six speaking parts in "The Great Millionaire," and all, from the lead to the one-liner, receive careful consideration. Perhaps a slight error in emphasis will occupy the managerial attention for minutes, and the line is repeated again and again with bewildering frequency till its delivery is correct.

At Mr. Collins's shoulder is usually to be found, day after day, Mr. Cecil Raleigh, the author of the drama, whose energy might be calculated to infuse life into Cleopatra's Needle. While giving points to a performer, he will fling himself into a scene with such vigour and earnestness that one might be pardoned for supposing that he intended to play the part before the public. It is said that a fast horse incites a slow one, and anyone who can lag behind Mr. Raleigh must be practically dead to the world.

It is a busy scene at Drury Lane during rehearsal. The stage is crowded with ladies and gentlemen, the great and the small intermingled in a homogeneous mass; stage-hands hammering at scenery, men profiling cloths, carpenters sawing, and fly-men shouting to one another—all feverishly hurrying forward for the great initial effort on the "night." It is a wonder, though, that a rehearsal can be conducted under such conditions; but now and again the managerial voice directs somebody to "stop that noise," and the disturbance is discontinued, adjourned till later on.

At Drury Lane a custom prevails which is to be found at no other theatre. At a certain hour in the afternoon, during rehearsal, tea is served. It is laid out on a long table, on the prompt side, and the cup that cheers but not inebriates circulates freely among the assembled company. All partake, from Mr. Collins downwards, a halt in the rehearsal being called for the purpose. Then on again, refreshed and invigorated.

To all intents and purposes, Drury Lane will be reopened a brand-new theatre. The lighting arrangements will be far in advance of anything hitherto attempted and accomplished at this house, and the musical arrangements are in the hands of a gentleman who has a thorough appreciation of the author's intentions. That author, it is almost superfluous to state, for time and experience have demonstrated the fact, is better qualified to write for Old Drury than any other known dramatist. In fact, with Mr. Cecil Raleigh, it would appear to be a case of the survival of the fittest.

The main scheme of the drama is to illustrate the dangerous arrogance of accumulated pelf. The gentleman—I use the term only formally—who furnishes the title of the play raises bread to a prohibitive price for the million by an operation in wheat. His scheme, however, miscarries somewhat and rebounds upon himself—not the first "corner" which has been not wholly successful, as a certain enterprising young American named Leiter could testify.

Although I object to millionaires generally on principle, I wish this particular one a long and prosperous career.

I append a portion of the cast—

"THE GREAT MILLIONAIRE."

Joshua Cagney (an Army Crammer)	Mr. CHARLES ALLEN.
Mrs. Cagney (his wife)	Miss DOLORES DRUMMOND.
Kate Cagney (his daughter)	Miss MADGE GIRDLESTONE.
Walter Cagney (his son)	Mr. CHARLES TREVOR.
Daphne Medowe (a poor girl living in his house)	Miss FLOSSIE WILKINSON.
Reginald Peyton (afterwards Lord Deerwood)	Mr. FARREN SOUTAR.
Joseph Lascelles Campbell (a millionaire)	Mr. CHARLES FULTON.
Denby Grant (his secretary)	Mr. JULIAN ROYCE.
Nancy Dawes	Miss MADGE MERRY.
Isaac (her father)	Mr. A. G. LEIGH.
Solomon (her grandfather)	Mr. HOWARD RUSSELL.
Sarah (her grandmother)	Mrs. HENRY LEIGH.
Sir John Otterburne	Mr. E. A. LEVAUX.
Muriel Otterburne (his daughter, a friend of the poor)	Miss MARY ROUGH.
William B. Idwin (a very tall footman)	Mr. CHARLES M. LOWNE.
Sir Martin Froome, M.D.	Mr. ALFRED BUCKLAW.
George Formby	Mr. GERALD KIRBY.
Derry Estenragh	Mr. GALWEY HERBERT.
Jack Willy	Mr. FRANK EAGLEFIELD.
Tip Sturton	Mr. FRANK CANE.
Webb	Mr. WILLIAM MORGAN.
Barker	Mr. ALFRED BALFOUR.
George Middlethorpe	Mr. EUGENE MAYEUR.
Mr. Preston	Mr. FRANK COLLINS.
Major Menzies	Mr. WILLIAM CALVERT.
Eric Macdonald	Mr. IVAN BERLIN.
Mabel St. George	Miss MAY DARK.
Beatrice de Grosvenor	Miss EDITH RUSSELL.
Loafer	Mr. CECIL LAWRENCE.
Julian Trent (a great financier)	Mr. WILTON HERIOT.
Markham (butler)	Mr. J. R. WATSON.
Dr. Mendel (a Rabbi)	Mr. E. SHRIMPTON.
Mrs. Wilson (of the slums)	Miss NOEL GORDON.
Landlady	Miss FLORENCE HOOTON.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.

PREPARING FOR THE AUTUMN DRAMA AT DRURY LANE.

"THE GREAT MILLIONAIRE."



MR. ARTHUR COLLINS ENLIVENES LEADING MEMBERS OF HIS COMPANY WITH HIS LAST LITTLE JOKE.



A TOUCHING SCENE: MR. COLLINS GIVES SOME ADVICE TO A YOUTHFUL ACTRESS. OBSERVE MR. RALEIGH ON THE TABLE.



PAINTING THE SCENERY: MR. CANEY AND HIS SON.



WAITING TO GO ON.



MODEL OF THE GREAT GUILDHALL SCENE (CANEY).



VIEW ON STAGE, SHOWING PORTION OF GREAT HOTEL SCENE.

From Photographs by A. J. Campbell, Creed Lane, E.C.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Craze for Centenaries—Post-Mortem Success—How and Why to Hold One's Millenary—Alfred the Great Exposed—Alfred as a Failure—As the National Villain—As an Editor—Was He a Foreign Adventurer?—The Cake Fiases—"Alfred the Wicked."

"ALFRED THE GREAT," says a schoolboy in an examination essay, "was an hysterical character, who is soon holding a millinery." It is a natural weakness on Alfred's part to do so. Centenaries have been intensely fashionable this year. We have had those of the first census, of the founding of the Stock Exchange (this might have almost been a "million-ary"), a tercentenary of Cromwell, a semi-centenary of the Great Exhibition of '51, a four-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Glasgow University, and for the next fifteen years we shall be constantly having centenaries of the battles of the Peninsular War. The oldest Public School in England dates its millenary this year. There was a rumour that some of the suburban omnibus services would celebrate the bicentenary of their first wash by having another, but this seems to have fallen through.

A prophet is not without honour save in his own century. The English people never really believe in a great man until he has been dead a thousand years. Some of us will be more appreciated in 2901 A.D. than we seem to be now. The composer of the "Marseillaise" expired in a garret. Wagner was perseveringly abused throughout his lifetime. Painters who died of starvation a hundred years ago have millionaires fighting over their pictures to-day. Probably Alfred's greatest claim to distinction is that he died a thousand years ago. A recent book has proved that his whole life was a failure, he never was King of England or even an Englishman, and did not foster Christianity. True (according to the author), he was an Imperialist and gained a hold on the affections of his people by the wholesale slaughter of other nations. But, whereas the Danes were extremely mobile, Alfred's scouting was contemptible.

His character, judging from the same work, is by no means above suspicion. Indeed, there is documentary proof that he was an editor. I make no comment on the fact. [Thank you!—ED.] Whether he ever existed at all is questioned by some. An eminent lecturer lately pronounced that the only achievement of his of which we can be certain is his having burnt some cakes which he had undertaken to look after. But was there anything specially praiseworthy about that? Was it an intellectual feat, like that of the Admiral alluded to in "Charley's Aunt" as being so clever because he had once "lost a battleship"? If everyone who neglected his duty and left a hard-working woman's cakes to burn (breaking his pledged word of honour that he would mind them) had a millenary given him, we would be having them three or four times a-week.

Did Alfred the Great leave letters in his pocket without posting them? Did he gamble or drink? Did he manipulate the three-card trick? Did he smoke in bed and read novels? It is almost impossible to imagine Alfred smoking a cigar. Yet we know we all hope he did some of these things. Ever since our school-days he has been held up to us as a model. When we read his biography (as accepted till the present *exposé* came out) we feel we are weltering in a state of hopeless depravity. It is really a comfort to know that he was a man of wandering and uncertain habits and had no permanent address—invariably a suspicious sign—being found at one moment in one county, at another in another, and always in a dishevelled and impecunious state.

Asser says that he "handsomely rebuilt the City of London and made it habitable" (*sic*). But did he? That is just the point. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, even about those who had anything to do with the building of London. If Alfred was mixed up in any way with the construction of Ludgate Hill, the top of Tottenham Court Road, or the neighbourhood of the Bank, then the proceedings at Winchester this week ought to be put a stop to at once, and Mr. Bowker, the energetic Mayor of that city, have his eyes opened to the real facts.

It is noteworthy that Alfred's unknown disease dated mysteriously from his marriage-feast. It thus may or may not have been set up by gluttony—we are not told—but an illness of this kind is commonly the result of an evil life, and the suspicion is strengthened by his having endowed monasteries in a reckless way: in Kings an unmistakable sign of remorse. Details of his early life and antecedents he appears to have absolutely suppressed. But we know that he was addicted to associating with foreigners, and introduced dancers, painters, musicians, and other doubtful characters copiously into England.

My investigations may be painful, but they are unbiassed and patiently carried out, and it is more morally courageous to know the worst, even about our national heroes. If only they result in Alfred the Great being of lasting benefit as an awful warning to the young, in his history being placed on the *Index Expurgatorius* at Public Schools (a course to which schoolboys will raise no objection), and in this foreign adventurer, this unprincipled knave, this enemy to England, being shown up in his true colours as destitute of any attribute whatever—any attribute whatever, I repeat—except a certain low cunning, then my researches will not have been in vain.

HILL ROWAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

ONE of the American papers has discovered the real reason of the reappearance of Sherlock Holmes, and prints an extract from a speech by Lord Rosebery which explains everything—

I have in my mind at the moment the name of one who, it seems to me, is alone able to save the Party, whose name some years ago was on every lip, though since then there has been an interregnum of mysterious silence. Need I say that I allude to Mr. Sherlock Holmes? If there is one in Europe to-day who could discover the mind of Liberalism, who could see what lies at our hearts as a Party, it is this great and world-eminent investigator. It could not fail to gratify many of you to learn that Mr. Holmes, whose death in Switzerland some years ago we were led by some as yet inexplicable events to deplore, has within the past fortnight been reported alive and well. If that is so, and there is every reason to believe it is so, we have in Mr. Sherlock Holmes the Man and the Mind.

In his *Bijou Biography* of Marie Corelli, Mr. Kent Carr gives the following remarkable history of Eric Mackay's "Love Letters of a Violinist"—

Miss Corelli undertook to arrange for its publication with Messrs. Field and Tuer, and made herself responsible for all costs, selling some of her little family trinkets. . . . She corrected all the proofs, chose the binding, and wrote personally to all the influential men she could think of to call their attention to the volume. It came out at first anonymously, and the "canard" that it was the work of the Duke of Edinburgh was started by Eric Mackay himself. When the true authorship became known, Miss Corelli, at Mr. Mackay's own wish, undertook to get it included in the "Canterbury Poets," where it still commands a circulation; and it was she who wrote the Preface to it signed "G. D."

The "Canterbury Poets" Edition is, it will be remembered, dedicated "To Marie." The following quotation from "G. D.'s" Preface is interesting under the circumstances—

His own strength as a poet suggests to the reader the idea of a spirited horse reined in tightly and persistently—a horse which prances wildly at times and frets and foams at the bit, and might, on the least provocation, run wild in a furious and headlong career, sweeping all conventionalities out of its road by a sheer straight-ahead gallop. Mr. Mackay is, however, a careful, even precise rider, and he keeps a firm hand on his restless Pegasus—so firm that, as his taste always leads him to depict the most fanciful and fine emotions, his steady resoluteness of restraint commands not only our admiration but our respect. While passionate to an extreme in the "Love Letters," he is never indelicate; the coarse, almost brutal, allusions made by some writers to certain phases of so-called love, which are best left unsuggested, never defile the pen of our present author, who may almost be called fastidious in such matters. How beautiful and all-sufficing to the mind is the line expressing the utter satisfaction of a victorious lover—

"Crowned with a kiss and sceptred with a joy!"

No details are needed here—all is said.

A great History of "Germany's War in China," by the Prussian General Staff, is in active preparation.

Mr. R. N. Stephens, the author of those popular romances, "Philip Winwood" and "An Enemy of the King," has completed a new novel, entitled "Captain Ravenshaw."

Mr. Hornung's new stories of his unique "Amateur Cracksmen" are to be issued under the title "Raffles." The career of that engaging rascal is, it is said, brought to a definite and heroic conclusion in this book, which does not prevent, of course, the later publication of previous episodes in his career.

It has been generally supposed that "The Aristocrats" owed its conception to the sudden craze for epistolary fiction. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Atherton's book was in the hands of her publishers last September. It was, I believe, issued anonymously, because all Mrs. Atherton's work has been received with a certain amount of abuse in America, and she wished her work to stand the test of unbiassed criticism. Needless to say, it has been with very keen relish that she has found those newspapers which have been most consistent in denouncing her loudest in praise of "The Aristocrats."

Dr. Morel, the great authority on Tennyson, has written an entirely new Commentary on "In Memoriam," which will, if I mistake not, be accepted as the standard work, the last word on the subject.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen's autumn book is entitled "The Apostles of the South-East," and is a story of religious life in a London suburb.

I have not seen any notice in the English papers of a remarkable Life of the Prince Imperial which has recently been published in France. The author has had the audacity to combine a kind of drama and biography. His book is a dialogue with running commentary. He reproduces, for instance, the conversation which he supposes was exchanged between father and son on the battlefield of Saarbrücken at the beginning of the Franco-Prussian War; he "dramatises" the scene in a miserable inn in the Ardennes where the fugitive Prince enters for a moment with Duperré, who is conducting him out of France; and he rises to the supreme height of sensationalism when he represents the imaginary conversations between the unfortunate Prince and the equally unfortunate Charlotte Watkins on their daily journeys between Woolwich and London. It is not a pleasant book to read, nor does it throw much new light on the strange career. It is full of thinly disguised innuendo, especially when the author deals with the tragedy in Zululand.

The Duke of Argyll's new book will be entitled "The Gift Book for the Home." It will be magnificently illustrated and produced throughout in the most luxurious manner.

O. O.



MISS MAUDE FEALY.

WHO PLAYS ALICE FAULKNER, THE SWEETHEART OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



MR. AND MRS. KENDAL IN "THE ELDER MISS BLOSSOM."

THIS CHARMING COMEDY BY MESSRS. ERNEST HENDRIE AND METCALFE WOOD, WHICH PROVIDES MRS. KENDAL WITH THE GREATEST AND MOST TOUCHING PART IN HER RÉPERTOIRE, WAS REVIVED AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE ON MONDAY EVENING LAST.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

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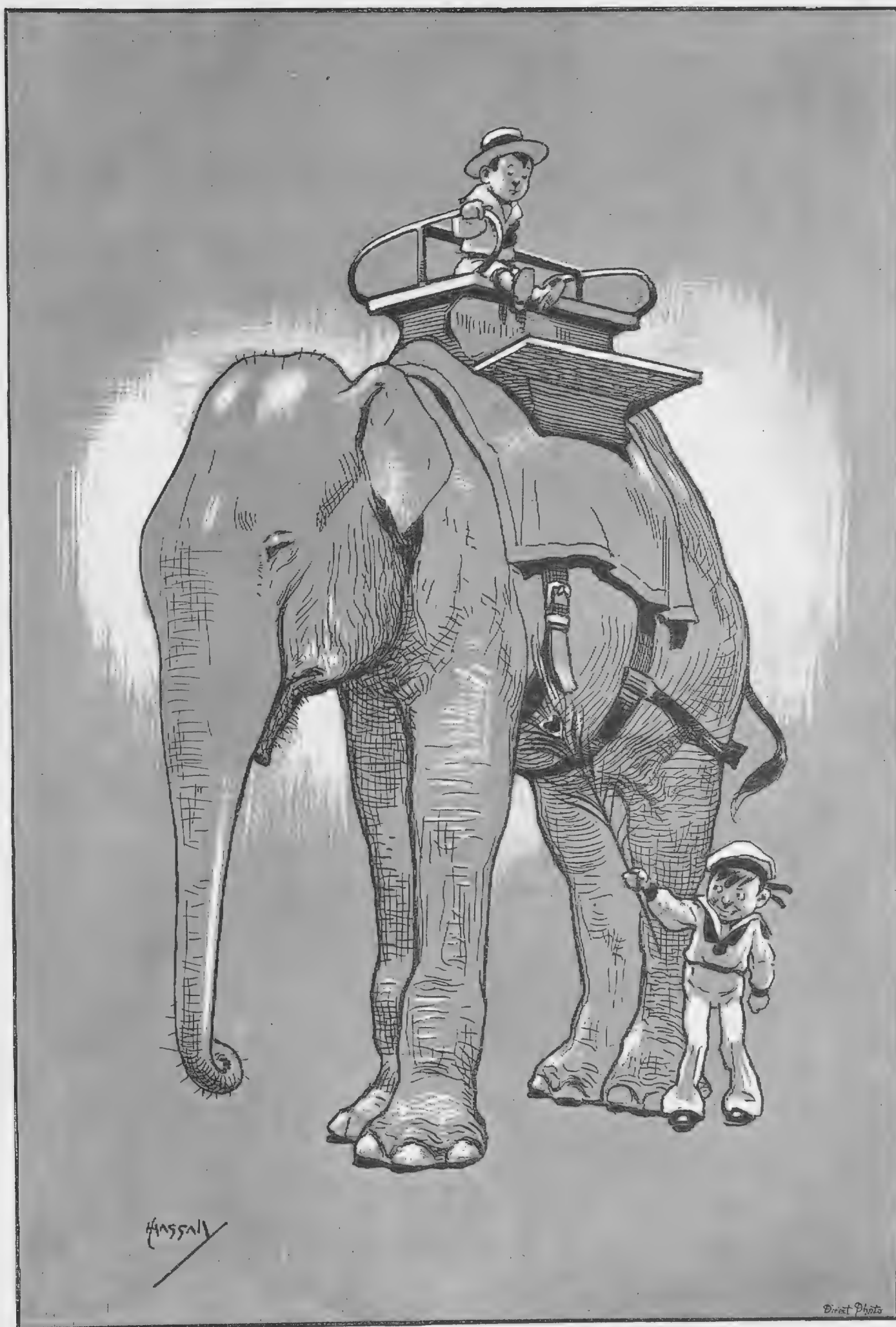


MISS HAIDÉE WRIGHT AS PEDRO IN "A ROYAL RIVAL," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WILEY, BAKER STREET, W.



[NOTE.—The Editor of "The Sketch" commissioned Mr. Louis Wain to draw a Hunting Picture. This is the Cataleptic result!]



[Drawn by John Hassall.

TICKLE! TICKLE!

TOMMY (with the "Teazer"): See me make 'im jump and throw Billy orf!

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE MISTAKE OF THE SQUIRE.

BY GEORGE CANNINGE.



"'LL tell you the story, Jack, and you shall judge for yourself. 'Tis as strange a bit of romance as ever you heard, and should be acceptable to a man just landed from the Indies, where I doubt they have scarce time to think of such things, for the hurry they are in to fill their purses and so return home.

"'Twas a Wednesday, and I had ridden into York, as was usual with me on that day, for the market. I was fortunate with my horses, as well as with my beasts, and at the inn we Squires mostly frequented I spent my money freely, ordering the cellarman to furnish our table with his best. Dinner over, I must needs propose toast after toast, and even went the length of

a speech, though what I said on that occasion Heaven only knows! After that I went to sleep.

"At six I woke. And the question became, how should I spend the evening? True, Tom Lupton—you remember Tom, he that went out with Nick Carson and got shot for his pains—challenged me to billiards; but my hand was not steady enough for the game. And for reading, though generally fond enough of the pastime, I had just then no mind.

"What should I do to pleasantly pass the hours between now and bedtime?

"What's on at the theatre?' I presently called out to the landlord.

"A rare treat, sir,' he answered, coming up to where I sat.

"How a treat? Of what kind? Who's performing there?"

"Why, Squire, none else than Kitty Springfield herself. She's here for the week."

"And who may Kitty Springfield be?" I asked, for, living a farmer's life in the West Riding, you may guess I knew little of what passed in the gay world.

"Miss Springfield,' the landlord went on, in a kind of rapture, 'is from Drury Lane—no less—and is one of the delightfulest actresses ever man saw in the course of a long life! To see her as Sir Harry Wildair in "The Constant Couple" or as Lady Pliant in "The Double Dealer"—she can do them both equally well—would cure the melancholy of an Anchorite."

"A paragon truly!" I exclaimed, catching some of the fellow's enthusiasm. 'Send to the theatre for a ticket. I'll see her this very night.'

"And, true to my words, to the playhouse I went.

"Jack, that night made a mark in my life that has lasted ever since. Nay, do not interrupt; let me tell my story as I will.

"Well, the play I witnessed was neither of those mentioned by the landlord, but was called 'The Country Wife,' and in it Mistress Springfield played one 'Peggy.'

"I have her before me now, though six years have passed since then. A small, slight figure, that looked all the slighter and slenderer when she donned boy's clothes, which she did in a portion of the play. 'Twas then she looked her best, wearing a white wig most beautifully dressed and curled and that caused her eyes to shine out like a ferret's in the snow. Then her features! And, odd's life, her skin! For her grace, for the charm of her, I have no words, lacking as I do the poet's cunning. But, perhaps, what pleased me most of all was her laugh—a laugh that began with a smile, then archly crept over her whole countenance and broadened out at last into a laugh so irresistible, so musical, so enchanting, that all the house laughed with her, and so kept on, till she herself chose to change her mood.

"How I hung rapt on each syllable she uttered; how I watched her every movement breathlessly, and how I longed that the play would never end!

"But end it did, alas, and all too soon! And at its close I found myself striding along the empty streets of York, scarce knowing what I did.

"That night I slept but little, thinking of her—always of her. And when, at length, sleep overcame me, 'twas to see her again in sweetest visions.

"Yes, Jack, I was in love—helplessly, hopelessly in love; and with a woman I had never seen till that night, and to whom I had never even spoken word!

"But this last omission I vowed should be quickly repaired. I would speak with her, at all risks, and at all hazards.

"With this resolve in view, I set out for the theatre the very next morning, and, with the help of a bribe, learned from the porter that Miss Springfield was staying with friends at an address he gave me. Armed with this and with the hardihood of a youthful lover to aid me, I presented myself, not many hours afterwards, at her house—and knocked.

"I felt I was on the verge of beholding my adored one face to face, and my heart stood still as I waited for the door to be answered.

"In a moment or so a young maid came to my assistance, and in reply to my, I fear, tremulous query as to whether Miss Springfield was within, she informed me that she was and would I please follow her.

With agitated steps, I did as she bade me, but could with difficulty prevent myself from rushing headlong past the girl and opening each room-door in succession till I found the one I was in search of. Yet, with an effort of will I restrained myself, and walked after the servant as demurely as was possible to a man in my situation.

"Passing down a long passage, my conductress presently opened a door at its extreme end, and at the same moment, dropping a curtsy to someone within, she announced, 'A gentleman to see Miss Springfield,' then silently withdrew.

"Now, who the lady was to whom this announcement was made I could not for the life of me determine. Probably a friend of Miss Springfield, I guessed; perhaps her hostess—possibly a relative, for there seemed to me to be a kind of similarity between the two persons.

"Before me as I entered, seated in a large, high-backed chair, I beheld a little, middle-aged, grey-haired lady, of slight, almost fragile, build, and withal a kindly expression of face.

"In reply to a look of inquiry from the occupant of the chair, I vow I hardly knew what to say. You see, I had expected to meet Miss Springfield, and not this lady—indeed, I had a 'speech of fire' ready for the former—and was perplexed in consequence of not seeing her. Still, the glance that met mine was so gentle, so reassuring, that it might be wise, I thought, to unburthen myself and hear her friend's opinion of my suit before I opened lip to Miss Springfield; or—best of all—entreat her to be my spokeswoman to Mistress Kitty.

"So, Jack, with all the mad impulse of youth, I told her—all.

"And if Miss Springfield would deign to hear me,' I exclaimed in conclusion, 'I would hold myself proudest among men to be allowed the privilege of calling her wife! Madam, tell her this, I beg of you, and so prepare her for the avowal I would make to her in person.'

"Upon hearing what I had to say, my companion gazed at me in wonder, open-eyed, for a length of time, but, to my surprise, remained perfectly silent.

"Once more the doubt arose in my mind: Who could this lady be? Was she Miss Springfield's duenna, and, as such, had before now received many confessions from love-sick youths on her mistress's behalf? If such was indeed her office, would she take a more favourable view of my case than she had of others? I hoped so—I fervently trusted so. I determined to question her, for I could bear the oppressive silence no longer.

"Are you, perhaps,' I began, 'may I ask, a—a—Companion to Miss Springfield?'

"No,' she replied in a low voice; 'only a friend—an old friend.'

"You bear something of a likeness to her."

"So I have been told. You may have heard that those who are much in sympathy, who have the same interests, almost the same thoughts, at length grow to have a resemblance even in feature. Have you never heard that?"

"I confess I have heard the question mooted, though I cannot say I have given much belief to it. And now, Madam,' I went on, becoming a little impatient and rising as I spoke, 'may I beg to be allowed to speak to Miss Springfield?'

"All in good time, sir,' the other replied, motioning me once more to be seated: 'And if you did see her, what would you say to her?'

"What I have just said to you,' I returned, with renewed impatience, 'that I love her—love her with my whole heart and soul, and would make her my wife.'

"What, having seen her only once?"

"Love is not to be measured by the number of times one sees the adored one."

"And without knowing anything of herself—of her character, her—?"

"Her face tells me her character. I can read her goodness in her eyes—no deceit, no wrong, have place there. For the rest, who her family and forbears are I care nothing. I am willing to risk all for her sake."

"The lady fixed on me a look, half of pity, half of compassion."

"How old are you, sir, may I inquire?" she said presently.

"Twenty-three years, Madam."

"Much is forgiven at that age; but, for all that, let me tell you your conduct is foolish, sir—foolish, foolish!" and as she spoke the last words she shook her finger at me in gentle admonishment.

"How so?" I returned, with some warmth.

"Why, for wishing to ally yourself to a stranger. I tell you, young man, and I say with full sincerity, Kitty Springfield is not the wife for you."

"Permit me to remark, Madam, that the friendship you profess for her is not best shown—"

"My friendship for her is not profession; it is true—real; and yet I tell you she is not, and never will become, the wife for you."

"By what right do you presume—?"

"By the best of rights."

"Explain yourself, Madam; and if your explanation is not—"

"She silenced me with a look. Then, Jack, she told me something that left me dumb for the moment. Leaning back in her chair and regarding me steadfastly, she said, almost under her breath, and with, I thought, a half-sigh—

"I am Kitty Springfield!"

"As the words came, the scales fell from my eyes; and there where



BOAR-SHOOTING IN FRANCE: FINE SPORT FOR THE BOAR.

I had traced a resemblance was a resemblance no more. 'Twas the woman herself!

"After allowing me some little time to recover myself in, she spoke again, this time as does a mother to her son. She upbraided me, but in even kindlier tones than before, for my foolishness in falling in love at the first encounter with a pretty face seen on the boards of a theatre.

"Then she went on, in the same gentle accents—I remember the very words she used—

"I was pretty once, Squire; but that was long ago. Now, I have only the art to appear pretty when the lights and the distance and the glitter of the mimic scene lend me their aid. Perhaps my own story may help to point a moral and adorn a tale that will be instructive to you. 'Tis a brief, and a common enough story, too, I dare swear."

"With that, she rested her head on her hand and seemed for the moment rapt in thoughts of days long gone by.

"I was a young actress of scarcely eighteen years when, just as you have done, a gentleman fell in love with me from seeing me act a part at the theatre. That matter would have been of less consequence, she went on, trying to force a smile, but, as unlucky fate would have it, I fell in love with him. We were married—I knowing little about him except that he was an officer in one of the King's regiments and that he was of good birth. I quitted the stage and for two years we were completely happy. But a time came when I found out his real character. He was a gambler, sir—and worse. Slowly and by degrees, from the moment when his real character became revealed to me, his manner towards me changed, his love for me waned. From mere passive unkindness his conduct to me became harsh, cruel, even brutal. At last, I could endure life with him no longer. I left him and returned to the boards in order to earn sufficient money to keep myself and our child. But he pursued me even there and took my earnings from me.

"Then the end came—suddenly, as suddenly as our love had begun. One night, my husband and a party of "friends," as they are called, had been playing heavily. He had been a loser throughout the early part of the evening, but, as the night wore on, his luck wavered—sometimes he won, sometimes he lost. With each loss he became more and more excited and less and less able to give attention to his cards. By the time the grey light crept in at the casements he was a heavy loser on the evening, and became like one bereft of his senses. He played for all he was possessed of in the world—and lost.

"Upon that he rose and staggered to the window, as though to get air. But he was not able to reach it; instead, he swung round, clutched at the card-strewn table, and fell forward upon it. And when his friend, who told me, went to raise him, he found him—dead.

"You may think it strange, Squire—we women are contrary creatures—but when the news was brought to me that he was no more, I was fit to break my heart with grief!"

"Miss Springfield remained silent for a little, then went on anew—

"But I had to live on, if not for myself, for Prue—for our child. How I forced myself night after night to act—to appear merry and light-hearted—I cannot even at this distance of time imagine. I had offers of marriage again and again repeated, for was I not the reigning toast of the town? But I refused all suitors. And now," she proceeded, with a slight change of tone, "after all this lapse of time, you have come, thinking I was in reality what I had only the semblance of being. Fortunately for yourself, your eyes have been soon opened, and so no mischief has been done. But, even had I been in truth the girl you believed me to be, instead of the homely, middle-aged woman you behold, even then you would have been ill-advised, rash, to have flung yourself heedlessly into matrimony upon so short an acquaintance. No, take this advice from one who has seen more of the world than you have. Leave impetuosity behind you in your choice of a wife. Should you feel yourself attracted by a comely face—and there is little harm in that—see what lies at the back of such mere prettiness. Seek to know the girl herself, judge of her temperament, weigh hers with yours. Take these precautions, and more, before you offer her your hand, and what should go with it, your heart.

"And now, sir," she added in conclusion, and rising as she spoke, "I must be preparing for the theatre, therefore must bid you farewell. Consider well the words I have addressed to you. Have you a mother? No? Then think of what I have said as though 'twas your mother herself had spoken them. So they will gain a sacredness my poor syllables cannot pretend to."

"She gave me her hand, and I could not forbear pressing my lips to it fervently. What a woman, Jack! Would there were more such! I know of only one other.

"Even now I could not free myself from the image of the woman I had seen the night before. I could think of my companion only as I had seen her, not as I now saw her, and longed to believe that such a creature did in reality exist.

"At that moment, as I still stood, hat in hand, irresolute, unwilling to go, the door behind me opened, and a young, melodious voice cried out, 'The mercer is below, mother, and would—' Then the voice stopped short, and added in confusion, 'I ask your pardon—I did not know you had company.'

"I turned in amazement. The voice was the self-same voice I had heard the night before! I wondered if my senses were playing a trick upon me. I turned, I tell you, and—was it possible?—saw the 'Peggy' that had stolen my heart not twenty-four hours before, the very 'Peggy,' or her counterpart.

"I looked to see if the lady who had rewarded my impetuosity with such good words of wisdom—and by every one of which I swore I'd

profit—was still beside me or by some magic had merged herself into the other. No, she was still there at the right of me, while at the left her double—only, a score of years younger—paused timidly on the threshold.

"I declare to you I was too dumfounded to speak or to move, but gazed first at the one, then at the other, in stupid surprise.

At length the elder lady broke the silence—

"My daughter, sir," she said; "my daughter Prue."

"She is your very self, Madam," I ventured to reply, "feature for feature, note for note your voice!"

"Myself as I was twenty years ago," she returned, with, I thought, the same half-sigh I had noticed once before.

"There's my story, Jack. What, you're not satisfied with it? You want an 'ending'? Well, you shall have it. It is waiting for us in the next room, and, I believe, is at this moment preparing for us a dish of tea. I devoutly trust, after my description of her—or rather, of one that was once the same as her—you will not be disappointed either in my wife or, for the matter of that, in our two most unruly boys!"

MISS DAISY LE HAY.

MISS DAISY LE HAY is a young actress who is coming rapidly to the front. She has already distinguished herself in the provinces as Kitty Grey, in Mr. George Edwardes's popular musical play now running at the Apollo. This capable and clever little artiste will shortly appear as Maisie in one of the



MISS DAISY LE HAY AS KITTY GREY, ON TOUR.

Photo by Taucowski, Manchester.

"Messenger Boy" touring companies about to be sent round by the guiding spirit of the Gaiety. The accomplished and sprightly little lady is a granddaughter of Mr. Richard Temple senior, a grand-niece of Lionel Brough, and a niece of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brough, now of Melbourne.

THE LESSEE OF GLENMORE AND DUNACHTON.

Colonel George A. Cooper, who has succeeded Lord Zetland as tenant of the Duke of Richmond's well-known deer-forest of Glenmore, near Aviemore, in Inverness-shire, came into immense wealth not long since as the chief inheritor in this country of the vast fortune left by George Smith, the Chicago banker, whose death, it will be remembered, enriched the British Exchequer by well-nigh a million sterling. Colonel Cooper—his title he owes to his connection with the Volunteer Battalion of Seaforth Highlanders in Morayshire—has also taken from The Mackintosh the famous Dunachton Moors, occupied for a quarter of a century by Sir John Austin.

"KNOCKED 'EM IN THE OLD KENT ROAD."

ALBERT CHEVALIER.

THE announcement that Mr. Albert Chevalier was at work upon his autobiography, which is to be published in the autumn by Mr. Fisher Unwin, made occasion for certain critics to announce that one of his autobiographies had already appeared, and would probably be found adequate to supply all required needs; while, in any case, it would be interesting to note what fresh matter he could introduce into the book. It was in view of these announcements that I called on Mr. Chevalier at his house near Regent's Park, to ascertain his views on the subject.

THE CHEVALIER OF THE STAGE

is one person; the Chevalier in photographs is another; and a distinct personality is Chevalier the genial host. As we talked over the tea-cups—or rather, as *he* talked, for he is a fascinating conversationalist—I had an opportunity of studying the man. The portraits show a man of angular face and somewhat bulldog type of countenance. The face in reality is rounded, very mobile, with fine eyes and an expressive mouth. The head is the head of the thinker and

THE MAN OF BRAINS;

it is well set on his body, and the whole man gives the impression of an attractive personality, while the neatness of his appearance is characteristic of one whose every movement is controlled by a brain accustomed to get the fullest significance out of apparent trifles of gesture and attire. His books, too, proclaim the man. Among them I noted Froissart's "Chronicles," "Morte d'Arthur," and many others of a like nature. He pointed to the top shelf. "That is filled with old manuscripts of mine," he said; "I never throw them away. One day, perhaps, when I am turning them over, one of them may start a train of thought which will produce an idea that, when worked out, will be worthy to live. I have a theory that nothing is wasted, that the veriest rubbish we write is written under some law and should never be destroyed, for the reason I have given." That is the deepest impression he made upon me—the philosopher: "I have a theory."

"NOW FOR THE BOOK,"

I remarked, "It starts, I imagine, with your earliest days, gives an account of your childhood, and brings you through the proverbial early struggles right up to the present day?"

"It commences with my fifth year, details my early experiences, as you suggest, tells how I acted, and how I went to the 'halls,' and brings me up to the present time."

"Apropos of your first going to the music-hall stage, I suppose there are many who claim to have been the means of persuading you to take that step?"

"There are very many. As a matter of fact, I believe

IT WAS EDWARD TERRY,

but I cannot be sure. However, I went, and very eventful my life has been since. I have met many curious people, and frequently receive weird letters, poems, and sketches. Most of the letters are gratifying, though a few, of course, are not. Here is a letter from a clergyman saying he is bringing a party to see my entertainment, and will I give 'Our Bazaar'? Here is another, by the way, objecting to that same thing. I receive many such."

They were produced for inspection, neatly pasted in an album, for Mr. Chevalier is nothing if not methodical.

"And you tell of all these things in your book?"

"Of most of them. You know, I can't help thinking it is horribly egotistical, but when one is writing one's autobiography one cannot, unfortunately, leave them out."

"That is another strong feature of the man—his modesty."

"I shall illustrate the book with photographs, many of which I have had taken specially," he continued. "I have had some twenty taken this afternoon of

MY MOST POPULAR CHARACTERS,

and they promise to be effective. I have had two or three positions of most of them, so that the very best may in each case be chosen. I have also some old ones, some of myself at various ages, some of places I have visited, taken by myself, and I have beside many curious old play-bills and things of a like nature that I can draw upon if necessary. So, you see, the illustrations will not be the least interesting portion of the book."

"And the critics, what is your reply to them?"

"Well, this former 'autobiography,' as they call it, isn't an autobiography at all. The only part I was responsible for was the anecdotes, the rest being written by another person and consisting mainly of cuttings from newspapers and old programmes. It is very curious, too, but since I have started this book I have come across any number of

MY BEST STORIES

which I did not put in that one, though how I missed them I cannot imagine. You must remember, too, that since then I have had my tour in America, which supplies a great deal of matter for me now, and also I have gone in for an entirely different class of entertainment. It was the coster only then; now—well, you know as well as I do what it is now. Then there are some critics who seem to think that an actor cannot write. I have noticed it over and over again with others, and I have proved it now for myself."

"Surely," I put in, "that is absurd. You had to write your songs and sketches before you made your successes with them."

"That does not seem proof enough." He reached for the scrap-book, opened it, and pushed it over to me.

"Here is some material," he said, "if you think it worth while to make use of it. You will notice the cuttings are from articles by acknowledged authorities."

The late Mr. Robert Buchanan, in speaking of

"MY OLD DUTCH,"

concluded by saying, "I think your songs unique in ballad-literature." A Liverpool clergyman once wrote of the same song: "My Old Dutch"

is beyond criticism; but I may tell you, perhaps, without too much egoism, that I ventured to quote you a few Sundays ago as one of those who write with a special 'Grace of God' to awaken in hearts we cannot reach appreciation of a faithful woman's comradeship in the hard battle of life."

"One thing more may be interesting, since you wish to use this material," said Mr. Chevalier, when I intimated that I considered I had sufficient. "When Mr. Jerome first started editing the *Idler*, he wrote to me: 'The idea has occurred to me that, if you are writing one of those brilliant coster-songs of yours, it would be useful to both of us if you published it first in the magazine, or could you write me one specially?' The outcome of that was

"THE LITTLE NIPPER."

As I bade farewell to his charming hospitality, three characteristics seemed to impress themselves on my mind of the man I had just left. One of the last things he had said to me, speaking of his future plans, was, "I am ambitious." That is one of them—a high ambition. Secondly, his modesty, "It seems horribly egotistical"; and, last of all, the philosopher, "I have a theory."

Since July last Mr. Chevalier has been occupied with

HIS AUTUMN TOUR.

At time of writing, he had visited, among other places, Bexhill, Worthing, Southsea, the Isle of Wight, Plymouth; and, prior to his return to London in October, he will visit Bournemouth, Exeter, Weymouth, Penzance, Ilfracombe, Bath, Swansea, Cardiff, Hereford, Bristol, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Leamington, Worcester, and Birmingham. I understand from Mr. Chevalier that the popularity of his entertainment has been greater than ever during the present tour.

The achievement of Lieutenant-Colonel H. J. Scobell in the capture of Commandant Lotter and his commando was the crowning act in a succession of valorous acts performed by this officer. Going out to South Africa with his famous regiment, the 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys), doughty deeds were looked for from the gallant Major—that was his rank when he reached South Africa in the early stages of the War—and Colonel Scobell has not disappointed his friends. During Lord Roberts' advance on Bloemfontein and Pretoria he commanded a squadron, then he was posted to the command of the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers. For some months past Colonel Scobell has been operating in command of a column in Cape Colony, and as recently as July last he effected the capture at Long Kloof of a portion of Scheeper's commando, while a month earlier, near Barkly East, he made a big capture of war-material, live stock, and prisoners. He was complimented by Lord Kitchener on July 16; and as an enterprising, resourceful, and successful column commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Scobell has made for himself a name both at home and in South Africa.



MR. ALBERT CHEVALIER, THE FAMOUS CHARACTER DELINEATOR AND VOCALIST.

Copied by permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin from Mr. Chevalier's forthcoming book, "Before I Forget: being the Autobiography of a Chevalier d'Industrie."

MR. PINERO: HIS PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

ANY new play from the Pineronian pen is a matter of such theatrical importance that, as on previous occasions, I made it my business to communicate with him in the interests of *Sketch* readers. The admirers of Arthur Wing Pinero are his admirers always. This loyalty of admiration grows from the fact that, whatever the result may be, Arthur Wing puts his best work into whatever he is doing. This fine quality was manifest in him from the time when, as a mere youth, he first scorned delights and lived laborious nights at the Birkbeck Institute, storing his mind with useful knowledge after he had left his desk. The same quality was also obvious in him when

HE BLOSSOMED FORTH AS AN ACTOR OF SMALL PARTS

in one or two more or less important theatres, and eventually found himself at the Lyceum under the then "Mr." Henry Irving. Moreover, it was Sir Henry Irving who lured Pinero on to write him a strong little first-piece—"Daisy's Escape," to wit. This pretty curtain-raiser, which was young Pinero's first serious attempt at writing for the stage, showed such promise that he forthwith started writing more plays, one of them being a three-act farcical comedy, called "Imprudence," in which Mr. Leonard Boyne, then fresh from the provinces, played a rollicking light-comedy part. This clever if somewhat immature play is regarded by many of us who know Pinero well as being the only full-sized *Imprudence* of which he was ever guilty.

To hark back a moment to the Lyceum in the Pineronian period, I may perhaps be permitted to recall to playgoers of some twenty years ago how, on a certain memorable evening, this then very young actor-author walked off (or rather, on) with his eminent employer's "reception." It was on the first-night of Irving's revival of "The Corsican Brothers." Pinero was cast for the "introductory" character of Alfred de Meynard, who, in effect, starts the play. Now, owing, I suppose, to the fact that few present on that occasion knew much about this *mélodrame*, which the late Dion Boucicault adapted from Dumas père for Charles Kean, there arose, as Pinero walked on to the stage, one big, bold roar of welcome.

EVERYONE HAD TAKEN HIM FOR IRVING!

And, sooth to say, barring for an inch or two less of stature, Pinero certainly did resemble Irving. The point of this story is, however, that when Irving *did* anon dash on to the stage as the first Corsican brother, Fabien de Franchei, the audience, having discovered that they had made a blunder the first time, were by now somewhat chary, and so, when poor Irving made his bow, they treated him rather coolly, as persons who wanted to make sure whom they were about to applaud. Both Irving and Pinero have often laughed consumedly over this episode with the present writer.

I may here point out that, although Pinero has long had up his gabardine sleeve a play for Irving, and has never brought it forth, yet Irving and he are

"EVER THE BEST OF FRIENDS, DEAR BOY,"

each, I find, taking tremendous interest in each other's work, as two representative men should do, even when one is nearly twenty years younger than the other. And, furthermore, I may state that, from what I have lately heard in conversation with Irving and Co., Sir Henry seems still eager to receive a Pinero play in due course. I am also sure that one other special member of Sir Henry's Company would like Mr. Pinero to write a character for her. Need I say that I allude to our gifted mutual friend, Ellen Terry?

AS TO MR. PINERO'S NEWEST PLAY, "IRIS,"

to be produced, according to present arrangements, at the Garrick next Saturday, the 21st inst., I may here say that I found the play shaping well at the somewhat secret and midnight (yes, sometimes midnight) rehearsals. Mr. Bouchier, the Garrick's Manager, being at the time engaged rehearsing Mr. Carton's new play, "The Undercurrent," at the Criterion, Mr. Pinero's play is being "produced" by that skilled "producer," Mr. Dion Boucicault, son of the aforesaid stage-managerial genius, Dion père. But, all the time, Mr. Pinero was, I found, as anxious that certain details of his new play, "Iris," should be kept as secret as possible in such matters as he was anxious that I, as an old friend and well-wisher, should not really "interview" him—as he is still so very sensitive on this point. As he truly pointed out, I had known him and all his doings so long that surely no fresh interview was necessary.

"Spare me!" said he. So, of course, I spared, so to speak.

I would like to have presented with the accompanying portrait a photograph of Mrs. Pinero, who, as Miss Myra Holme, was wont to delight the patrons of our dear old friend's, Johnny Toole's, Theatre, now deleted to give larger scope and verge to Charing Cross Hospital. It was at this house, while Miss Holme (then a very young widow, Mrs. Hamilton) was playing in one of young Pinero's earlier full-sized comedies—"Girls and Boys"—that our author fell in love and anon proposed and was in due course accepted. And now, at the moment of writing, our leading dramatist is as proud as Mrs. Pinero is of her grown-up lad, Mr. Hamilton, who has been doing such excellent service as a War-Correspondent in China.

By the way, there was another leading dramatist (who is also a leading novelist), Mr. J. M. Barrie, who won a wife at Toole's Theatre, namely, the sweet Miss Mary Ansell, who was then playing in "J. M. B.'s" quaint comedy, "Walker, London."

But, touching Arthur Wing Pinero's latest play, meaning the comedy of "Iris," this is, the author tells me, a piece

IN THE STYLE OF "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY,"

and is, therefore, touched to tragic issues, as Mr. Shakspeare might say. Indeed, around what one might call the rainbow-named title-rôle, played by the charming Miss Fay Davis, many a pathetic scene has been written. Some of these will, it seems, move one to anguish, and, as a matter of fact, the "Eternal Feminine problem" is worked to a considerable extent. There are several fine acting-parts besides Miss Davis's. Moreover, the scenery is of a very special kind. The play is so peculiar in its fable that the Management and others concerned in the piece, not knowing for the nonce the simple title which Mr. Pinero had long ago chosen—and kept to himself—wondered whatever it could be called. Some, indeed, hazarded all sorts of more or less effective and mostly long titles that might be given to the piece.

HIS LAST "PROBLEM" PLAY.

One especially interesting thing about "Iris" is, however, that Mr. Pinero (as I am authorised to tell *Sketch* readers) will after its production write no other "problem" play of the sort, but will for evermore during his play-writing career devote himself to pleasant comedies—comedies of cheerful import such as he was wont to give us in the days of his brighter period—such as "The Magistrate," "The Schoolmistress," and "The Cabinet Minister." He will not, as I understand him, go in for much more sentiment than you will find in his charming play, "Sweet Lavender,"

or in that even more brilliant though less financially successful "Lady Bountiful." Nor will he touch even the light-comedy side of painful social episodes, as in "The Gay Lord Quex."—HENRY CHANCE NEWTON.

LOVE'S MESSAGE.

When the dews of night have fallen, and the stars fond vigil keep,
When the cares of day are over, and the world is hushed in sleep,
Then I think of a summer's gloaming beneath the tender sky,
When we stood beside the sea, dear love, and whispered our "Good-bye."
Tho' weary months have come and gone in changing, restless scene,
Fond thoughts of you still linger in the land of "Might-have-been";
Tho' brightest dreams have passed away, and joy is dead to me,
The sweetest memories in my life will ever cling to thee.

O, Time may roll onward and seasons may change,
And this life with its dreams fade away;
But the heart that is faithful, the love that is true,
Will live on for ever and aye, sweetheart,
Will live on for ever and aye!

I wander o'er the hills, dear heart; I hear the sea-gull's cry;
The breezes softly sing to me a sad, sweet lullaby.
The crested waves are sobbing as they murmur on the shore—
"My fondest one, good-bye—good-bye—good-bye for evermore."
And my heart is full of sorrow, and my life is full of pain,
For I long to hear your voice, dear love, and see your face again;
Our lives are now divided, but your spirit comes to me,
And in the silence of the night I dream and think of thee.

O, Time may roll onward, and seasons may change,
And this life with its dreams fade away;
But the heart that is faithful, the love that is true,
Will live on for ever and aye, sweetheart,
Will live on for ever and aye!—VIOLET A. GRIFFIN.



MR. PINERO, WHOSE NEW PLAY, "IRIS," IS TO BE PRODUCED AT THE GARRICK NEXT SATURDAY.

The Author at his Writing-table.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

THE KENDALS BACK AGAIN.

OF course, a very warm welcome awaited Mr. and Mrs. Kendal on their return to the St. James's to present the charming comedy "The Elder Miss Blossom," in which Mrs. Kendal's acting is as perfect a piece of dramatic art as the world can show. Few changes have been made in the cast—indeed, the only one of importance is



MRS. KENDAL, WHO RENEWED HER TRIUMPH AS "THE ELDER MISS BLOSSOM" AT THE ST. JAMES'S ON MONDAY LAST.

Photo by Sarony, New York.

the appearance of Miss Grace Lane, who acts charmingly as Sophia, the part originally played admirably by Miss Nellie Campbell. The Company gives a performance of quite remarkable quality, and, in the playing of Mr. Kendal, Charles Groves, Frank Fenton, and Rudge Harding one sees with pleasure what a high standard can be reached by English players. "The Elder Miss Blossom" wears exceedingly well, and the pathetic scenes allotted to Mrs. Kendal, though we have all seen and wept over them again and again, have lost none of their freshness. One has the feeling that all our young actresses ought to pay many visits to the pretty play, in order to study the amazing skill with which Mrs. Kendal gets her vivid effects, despite her perfect concealment of the means employed by her. No Academy or Conservatoire could give a more useful lesson. In saying this, one must guard against the suggestion that her work casts that of the others into the shade, since, indeed, the acting of Mr. Kendal as Andrew Quick is really of brilliant quality.

"THE WHIRL OF THE TOWN," AT THE CENTURY (ADELPHI) THEATRE.

If ever the secret of perpetual motion be discovered, it will be by an American stage-manager. "The Whirl of the Town," with which the new theatre, "The Century," which has risen on the foundations of the dear old Adelphi, begins its career, has all the wonderful bustle and activity that have marked the other imported works of its clan. There is always movement—indeed, there is as little repose as in a lodging-house bed; and, in part, to this prodigious vigour may be ascribed its success—success rather than triumph, since at present the new Morton-Kerker piece shows no signs of immense popularity, though it should enjoy a fairly successful run when a little de-localised. For, as it stands, there is rather too much purely American topical and local allusion for English ears. The story concerns the abduction of a mermaid—pretty Miss Madge Lessing. Mermaids seem in vogue, for one is to figure at the Savoy, and one is heroine of Mr. Wells's new story. Mr. Dixey, who about fifteen years ago made a big "hit" in London, is the abductor, and as a millionaire kleptomaniac shows quite a Fregoli power of quick change and assumption of new character; his work was really clever. Miss Lessing sang very prettily, and had a great success with a furious cake-walk dance that reminded one of "Rosy-Posy" in the pantomime last Christmas. By a strange oversight, Mr. John Le Hay had not half enough to do. In the first scene, he threatened to be very funny as a Scotch detective, and then was suppressed till the

last scene, in which he really had no chance. A good deal was expected from Miss Elfie Fay, who has had a triumph in America, but apparently her part did not suit her very well, or else her peculiar style did not quite catch our taste. Of course, Mr. Tom B. Davis has mounted the piece lavishly, and, with Mr. Kerker's strenuous, lively music, with scores of pretty girls always dancing or singing or acting, the piece could hardly flag, even if it had no moment of great triumph. There were plenty of ingenious, eccentric comedians who worked cleverly, such as Messrs. Phillips, Charles Dex, Frank Belcher, and all of them could dance. The pick of the dancing was that of Miss Mabel Love, who, as the Spirit of Champagne, danced a pretty *pas seul* very cleverly; what a pity we have so rarely the pleasure of seeing her in the art of which she is one of the very few really skilful English representatives! Miss Love's dance, and a charming song and dance of Miss Lessing and some ladies in quaint, old-fashioned dresses, gave the most agreeable moments of the evening.

THE SELECTION FROM SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S WORKS

given at the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts was thoroughly representative of the great English composer whose loss we mourn. Orchestral music was naturally the chief feature, and very finely it was interpreted by Mr. Henry Wood and the admirable performers under his direction. A vast audience listened and applauded with the utmost warmth. Three of Sir Arthur's best overtures were given. These were the charming "Di Ballo," the pathetic "In Memoriam," and the dramatic "Macbeth" overture which formed such an effective prelude to the incidental music composed for Sir Henry Irving's revival of Shakspeare's great tragedy at the Lyceum Theatre. The music to "The Tempest," originally played at the Crystal Palace in 1861, also that to "The Merchant of Venice" and "Henry the Eighth," naturally afforded the vast audience the utmost enjoyment and evoked immense applause. The vocal music included the madrigal from "The Mikado," sung by Miss Florence Schmidt, Madame Kirkby Lunn, Mr. Lloyd Chandos, and Mr. W. A. Peterkin. The beautiful "Lost Chord" and "Thou'rt Passing Hence" also evoked immense enthusiasm. I hope ere long to hear another selection from the works of our great English composer, when items from his famous cantatas, "The Golden Legend," "Kenilworth," "The Martyr of Antioch," and the comic operas might be included, and perhaps portions of "The Prodigal Son," which fine oratorio has scarcely, perhaps, had justice done to its beauties.

THE MANAGERS OF THE PROVINCIAL FESTIVALS

being rather shy of Sullivan as a sacred composer because he wrote so much for the stage. In other countries no such absurd prejudice exists,



MISS MADGE LESSING, THE BEAUTIFUL MERMAID IN "THE WHIRL OF THE TOWN," AT THE CENTURY THEATRE.

Photo by Gersford, New York.

the composer of "Il Trovatore" having written a solemn requiem, the composer of "Der Freischütz" having produced masses, &c.; and Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, and, in fact, all the great musicians, were equally successful in the Church and upon the stage.

SIR HUBERT PARRY'S NOBLE ORATORIO, "JOB,"

one of the masterpieces of modern sacred music, is among the chief features of the Gloucester Festival. The composer has been chaffed for giving special attention to his work at the final rehearsal. That is nonsense. I consider that Sir Hubert Parry was setting a good and



MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS, WHO PLAYS CHARMINGLY AS MRS. PERRY IN "ARE YOU A MASON?" AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

much-needed example. The Principal of the Royal College has written one of the great works of modern sacred music. Why, then, let it be spoiled by an imperfect performance?

"ARE YOU A MASON?"

Whether you are a Mason or not, you will find the new play at the Shaftesbury very funny—one of the funniest, indeed, seen for a long time, and free also from offence. The central idea of two people who are not Freemasons pretending to one another in the presence of others that they are is irresistibly comic, and if the subsequent complications which involve the appearance of Mr. Paul Arthur in petticoats are not so novel, they serve well enough to cause real roars of laughter—hearty, honest laughter. The new farce—a pity that the adapter is not named!—has the advantage of being capably acted by a company that works with a rush and tries successfully to "keep the pot a-boiling" and prevent the audience from having time to think and criticise. Mr. Paul Arthur was agreeably discreet as well as very amusing in his acting when disguised as a maiden, and his method of knitting was exasperatingly comic. Mr. Marsh Allen played our old friend the rackets, untruthful husband in excellent style and with plenty of quiet, humorous effect. Of course, Mr. George Giddens was successful when representing a naughty, untruthful old man, and Mr. Mark Kinghorne and Mr. William Day rendered very valuable aid in minor character-parts. The ladies, as usual, have less important work than the men. Miss Marie Illington presented a terrible mother-in-law very cleverly; Miss Agnes Miller was bright and amusing as the beloved of Mr. Paul Arthur; and Miss Ethel Matthews, in some wonderful frocks, as the young wife, did her share. Laughter, too, was earned by Miss Annie Brophy as a comic servant, whose humours, however, were a little curious. Altogether, a capital, exhilarating entertainment, well worthy of a visit!

THE BUSINESS-MANAGERS

of the West-End theatres, greatly to their credit, have organised a most attractive matinée for the 26th inst. on behalf of the late Mr. R. V. Shone's orphans, left destitute by the tragic death of their father. This will be an exceptionally good opportunity to see most of the famous actors and actresses of the day, and for aiding at the same time a

deserving charity. Mr. Frank Curzon has, with characteristic kindness, placed the Prince of Wales's at the disposal of the zealous Committee for this notable entertainment.

THE LONDON HIPPODROME'S SUCCESS

is the direct result of Mr. H. E. Moss's adroit and enterprising management. The town may well be proud of so handsome a temple devoted to equitation of the most brilliant kind, and to the most attractive and wonderful variety "turns" procurable. The new programme is throughout excellent. An equestrienne of the very first rank—adorably pretty and graceful Mdle. Rita del Erido, whom I last saw at the Nouveau Cirque—witches the world with daring horsemanship. The marvellous aerial flight of the Cee Mee troupe, who sing while they whirl in the air, must be seen to be believed. Then the beautiful "Queen of the Lions," Mdle. Claire Heliot, gives a most interesting and sensational performance, quite different from the feats of her predecessors, in a cage of ten exceptionally fine lions. Another notable novelty is Ségommer's diverting ventriloquial skit on seaside characters. Altogether, Mr. Moss's autumn bill-of-fare is the best he has hitherto offered to the public.

MR. OSMOND TEARLE,

whose funeral occurred a few days ago near Newcastle, was, for his age, only forty-eight, one of the most experienced actors of our times. After enacting all sorts and sizes of parts in all sorts and sizes of provincial theatres, he made a fitful appearance or two in London, principally at the Gaiety and the Princess's. This was nearly thirty years ago. The then very young Tearle migrated to America, where he stayed for some years, impersonating scores of leading characters in plays new and old. On returning to England, now some twenty years since, he started the Shaksperian touring company with which he was billed to appear in Newcastle on the very day of his death. With this Company the late Mr. Tearle often came into the suburbs, where his Hamlet, his Macbeth, and his Henry the Fifth were especially popular. Of late years, however, he had not been seen so often in and around London as his cousin, Edmund Tearle, another very popular and somewhat more robust touring tragedian, had been. Had it been Mr. Osmond Tearle's lot—or his desire—to play more in the Metropolis, he would, without doubt, have become anon a valued actor at our West-End theatres. But even in the less-important play-houses affected by him, he displayed, in addition to his characteristic Plymouth pluck, an earnestness and intensity that made all his numerous



THE LATE MR. OSMOND TEARLE, FAMED FOR HIS SHAKSPERIAN REPRESENTATIONS.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

Shaksperian and other so-called "legitimate" impersonations well worth going to see. To quote the Bard whom Osmond Tearle so loved to act and to talk about, he "should have died hereafter."

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The Brake Craze—A Word about Back-Peddalling Brakes—Cycling Cinder-Paths on Public Roads—Switzerland for Cycle-Touring—Punctures: A Sound Preventive.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Sept. 18, 7.7; Thursday, 7.5; Friday, 7.2; Saturday, 7; Sunday, 6.57; Monday, 6.55; Tuesday, 6.53.

The brakeless rider is gradually getting scarce, and another cycling season ought to see his total extinction. As it is, his existence to-day is invariably brought to our notice through the reports of Coroners' inquests. These are the days of the brake craze, and it is not unnatural that old riders should marvel at the change which has come over cycling in two short years. The free-wheel has much to answer for: it has been a boon and a blessing in some directions, it has been the reverse in others; but, to my mind, by far the greatest blessing it has conferred upon cyclists is that it has compelled them to learn to use and value the brake.

A few years ago, brakes were considered a superfluity, and it was quite common for the newest of novices to take his initial spins on a brakeless machine, relying upon back-peddalling to stop his progress should occasion warrant. The reverse is the case now. No fewer than two brakes are necessary on one's machine, so say cycling fashion, and he or she who would like to lead that fashion insists upon three—one to each wheel, and one, called the "back-peddalling brake," fitted on the hub of the rear wheel. In this latter case, it is a matter of having too much of a good thing. Rim-brakes to back and front wheels, operated by levers on each handle-bar end, are practical necessities. The back-peddalling brake is superfluous, inasmuch as its action is clumsy, and sometimes is a source of danger at the feet of the inexperienced.

The clamour for better roads is unceasing. Really, cyclists are a complaining folk. They are the first to resent, with almost apoplectic indignation, any suggestion of the imposition of a tax on cyclists, and yet the first to insist upon their "rights" on the open highways. Fifteen years ago, visionary ideas were promulgated as to the possibility of somebody or something constructing a cinder-path for the exclusive use of cyclists from London to Brighton, and periodically ever since the same idea is brought forward in all seriousness. Now, surely this is not only nonsense, but sheer inconsistent selfishness! The Brighton road is one of the best-constructed and one of the best-tended in the kingdom. It is hilly, it is true; but, once Croydon is passed, the way to "ancient Brighthelmstone" is all that any but the exacting cyclist can desire.

In other countries, matters are different. In the Low Lands, for instance, cycling was almost impossible before the days of the pneumatic tyre. The hideous *pavé* of Flanders is a cycling nightmare—happily, however, now almost of the past. Cycle-paths in Belgium are a necessity if there is to be any cycling at all done in the northern parts of that country, and the Government, at the instigation of its ruler, the cycling King Leopold, has constructed many excellent cinder-paths on the sides of those roads which are paved with mighty blocks of stone. None but cyclists are allowed on these paths. The pedestrian is a

trespasser, and can be prosecuted if he interferes in the course of the wheelman. As for the equestrian, his outlook is indeed poor, for at every hundred yards there is an erection of posts with a cross-bar, sufficiently high to allow the cyclist to pass underneath and sufficiently low to decapitate the man on the horse.

A friend of mine has just returned from Switzerland and is bitter in his regrets that he neglected to take his cycle with him into that lovely land. Of course, people who know Switzerland are aware that it is not a country of impassable mountains, and that its roads are something better than Alpine paths. As a matter of fact, Switzerland is a paradise for cyclists, and its roads compare favourably with English highways. These roads are engineered in a most thorough and frequently in a remarkable way, and, illogical as the statement may seem to many, there are practically no hills. The real gradients are the Alpine Passes, and I do not know of one of these which may be termed unrideable to the average cyclist. A splendid Swiss tour is one which I undertook a year

or two back. Starting from Geneva, our little party made its way along the northern shores of Lake Lemman, through Lausanne, Montreux, Vevey, and Chillon to Martigny, at the entrance to the Rhone Valley. Thence through the valley, crowded in by the giant Alps, we pedalled over level and perfect roads through St. Moritz to Leuk, at the foot of the Gemmi Pass. The Gemmi is only a footway, so we sent our cycles round to the other side by train and had a glorious three days' tramp over this majestic Pass. We rejoined our cycles at Thun and then visited Interlaken, Lucerne, Zürich, and Basle, where the tour ended.

Another excellent tour is to continue from Leuk up the Rhone Valley to Brieg, and then tackle the splendid Pass of Furka, which is easily rideable providing that one's machine is not geared too high. No greater mistake was ever made than to think that Switzerland is prohibited to the cyclist.

In spite of the very great improvements which have taken place in the construction of the pneumatic tyre, it is still a far from perfect article.

Punctures are as rife as ever, and, while we have to be thankful that repairing is made easier, punctures are an abominable nuisance. The season which is now on the wane has been one in which tyre troubles have been very great, and I fancy that this is in a great measure due to the manufacturers' anxiety to secure lightness at any expense. The earlier forms of pneumatic tyres were heavy, and had more than twice the amount of rubber used in their construction than is the case now. Some of the cheaper and lighter makes of tyres of the present day have really not more than a film of rubber on the tread, and that not often of the best quality. This small amount of rubber is quite insufficient to resist the insidious attack of the flint, the bit of broken glass, the hobnail, or the thorn.

Speaking of punctures, I have often wondered why that excellent invention, the self-sealing air-chamber, has not been more universally used. This air-tube is so constructed that the rubber forming it is under compression. When it is pierced by a thorn, the wound does not gape, but, owing to the compressed state of the rubber, closes tightly, preventing any egress of air. I believe that the bicycles ordered by the War Office must be fitted with this tube. From reports I have heard, it is a very satisfactory article.

R. L. J.



MISS CONNIE EDISS SEEKS RELAXATION FROM "CLASS, CLASS, CLASS," AT THE LYRIC, WITH HER WHEEL.

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The St. Leger.

One touches on this important contest with mixed feelings of pleasure and regret. All good sportsmen were pleased to see the Rothschild colours to the fore once more, and the result gave the guinea stamp to Mr. "Leo's" spring opinion that Doricles was a good colt. However, regret was on all sides heard at the cruel luck that robbed the favourite of victory. I cannot help thinking



THE GRAND STAND, JOHANNESBURG, DURING THE AUGUST MEETING.

that had L. Reiff done what Sloan would, I am sure, have done—that is, waited in front—Voldyovski would have been returned a clever winner. The waiting policy is played out. It is attended with too many risks. Witness the result of the St. Leger—the Derby winner second to Doricles. Revenue, who was the cause of all the trouble, is a useful colt, but he wants riding. The result of the race was a most unsatisfactory one from the point of view of favourite-backers. If, however, it should teach our jockeys and those hailing from America that the place for an animal who is supposed to have a bit in hand is in front, it will have served a useful purpose. K. Cannon and Hayhoe, the jockey and trainer of the winner, were heartily congratulated by their friends.

The Autumn Handicaps.

Both the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire have received a good acceptance, and we may confidently look forward to a lively autumn. For the long race, eighty-seven horses were left in after forfeit had been declared, and it would require only one-fourth of that number to go to the post for the race to be an exciting one—that is, provided there be no Triton among the minnows. S. Darling has half-a-dozen left in, including Cap and Bells II. and Revenue, and through the pair he holds a direct gauge of the classic form of the season. The majority of the reputed stayers are left in, while many of those "content" have never raced at a distance of over a mile. I am glad to see the name of Stoccardo in the list of accepters, as I am told to keep an eye on him. I also hear that Brissac is very likely to be backed. It was gratifying in the extreme to find a hundred and three horses left in for the Cambridgeshire, and I must at once congratulate the able and popular handicappers, at the same time giving to them timely warning that I hope presently to be able to find the winner. I am told Australian Star is going to be specially prepared for this race. He is a grand mover when well. Mauvezin, Revenue, and Stealaway will surely find backers, but I shall defer a guess until later on.

Racing in South Africa.

I am told that sport is humming in South Africa just now, and several South African millionaires who now content themselves with racing in England are about to send some horses out to compete on the South African circuit. The Johannesburg Meeting, held in August, was a big success, and attracted large crowds to the Gold Reef City. The principal race, the Johannesburg Handicap, was, strange to relate, won by "Great Britain"—should he not have been named "Greater Britain," by-the-bye? Anyway, the name would conjure up dreams of "Home, Sweet Home," to many a new chum, and some of the old ones too. The South African jockeys ride something like the Americans, and Boardman, who rides in this country for H. Chandler's stable, has often been mistaken for a Yankee. It may be interesting to add here that the Cape papers cater liberally in the matter of English sport for their readers. Columns are despatched from London daily dealing with all the chief events decided in this country.

Tipsters.

The advertising tipsters have not had a very good time of late, and the cards have had their unlucky days as well as their lucky ones. It is marvellous how new aspirants to the tipping game succeed in finding winners at long prices. Yet it is so. My own case was no exception to the rule. I began vaticinating when the starting-price system was first introduced in England. I originated the idea of having the arrivals and latest tips telegraphed from the course at early morn, and by this means it was easy to sift the

non-starters from the starters and to find winners at long prices, for the simplest of all reasons: the bookies were not in the least afraid to lay against my tips—not for some little time, at any rate. But the murder was out, in the end, and I found cramped prices the bugbear to my followers' success. While dealing with the past, I might as well mention that the best winner I ever discovered was the line "All the Winners." That is now printed on the bills of the evening papers daily. It was the outcome of a boy shouting out the words at Charing Cross Station about thirteen years back. Previously, we used the line "Full Racing Results," but directly I heard the new shout I knew there was millions in it. And there was.

Two-Year-Old Form.

The in-and-out running of the best-class two-year-olds is bad enough to perplex a Philadelphian lawyer. Two months back, everyone predicted that Mr. "Bob" Sievier's £60,000 parcel—Sceptre, Lavengro, and Duke of Westminster—would see the season through without having to face defeat. The first two have been badly beaten, and, if the book goes for anything, Game Chick is better than Duke of Westminster at evens. If the report put about some time since was true, that Mr. Sievier had refused £60,000 for the three two-year-olds, he must have displayed very bad judgment, and evidently he rated the ability of such trainers as John Porter, R. Marsh, and Huggins on a very low scale. Two-year-olds, good or bad, are ticklish creatures to manage and place, but the three trainers I have named have achieved big things in the past with young horses, and they can be relied upon to do the same in the future. I hope, however, that Mr. Sievier will yet win some good races with his high-priced trio, as he showed much pluck in bidding for them in the sale ring.

Stewards.

There are Stewards and Stewards. I think the Jockey Club should pass a law prohibiting any Acting Steward from betting while on duty. I object to see the Steward of a race-meeting walking from the top to the bottom of the rails booking bets the while he should be looking after his legitimate work. At some of the little North Country meetings, those who are anxious to be on the winner wait until they have found out what the Stewards have backed before making their own investments. This is not as it should be, and, if a racecourse official or a jockey is not allowed to bet, no Steward should be granted the privilege, though, be it noted, the law is evaded by some of the jockeys, who do their betting through commission-agents, and some of the flash riders gamble heavily, too. Some people argue that by engaging in a little speculation the Stewards of a meeting gain a little wholesome experience by finding out how it is down. Possibly so, but the non-betting Steward could always be relied upon to approach a debatable point with an open mind, and his verdict would in any case be received with respect.

Ugly Rushes.

I think Clerks of Courses should take strong measures to prevent the ugly rushes often made in Tattersall's Ring by bookmakers' runners. The tic-tac gentlemen are bad enough, but the runners are a positive nuisance. Their mission appears to be to knock every decent citizen down who may chance unwittingly to impede their progress. They have to play the part of the sneak to a pretty tune, all the time dogging the heels of the "heads" and also attempting to read the books of the large layers. Backers do not object to being hustled and hustled when attempting to

FINISH OF THE JOHANNESBURG HANDICAP, AUGUST 1901:
"GREAT BRITAIN" WINNING.

do business with a sound bookmaker, but they do not enjoy being suddenly knocked out of their stride by some ruffian while they are careering peacefully along the outskirts of the ring. Yet this is what happens every day, and up to now nothing has been done to prevent it. I propose that any man seen travelling in Tattersall's Ring at a higher than walking pace be immediately ejected and his admission ticket forfeited. It is preposterous that respectable racegoers should be charged one pound per day to be buffeted about from pillar to post by a parcel of bookmakers' runners, whose presence, by-the-bye, does not lend *éclat* to the surroundings.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

WOMEN whose imperfect destiny relegates them to the second-best things of life, and who are therefore obliged, amongst other evil necessities, to ride in omnibuses, should have a care of their sixpences and shillings when enclosed in the side-pocket of custom, for the omnibus-thief waxes very strong at the moment, and



[Copyright.]

A SMART COSTUME FOR THE HIGHLANDS.

there are cases in the papers almost every day dealing with this particular form of knavery. Apropos, when, where, and how are we to have really usable pockets in our frocks once more? Threats, cajolements, and coaxings are equally thrown away on the inflexible humour of our modistes, which will not relax one iota in the interests of our purses, pocket-handkerchiefs, and other small but indispensable impedimenta. Meanwhile, it is a great time for the manufacturers of handkerchiefs—most women's average of weekly losses amounting to half-a-dozen upwards, I find on comparing notes. I should have thought, failing all else, that a small pocket could be insinuated in the under part of the sleeve; a little foreign modiste recently, under pain of death, put one in that region for me, but the idea does not seem good to the sartorial mind, which ever sacrifices ease to effect in its victims of vanity.

I am asked to remind good people with plethoric purses that on Dec. 18, 19, and 20 a bazaar will be held at Queen's Hall by the Sisters of the People, whose excellent mission it is to help the miserable, the friendless, the destitute, and the sick without distinction of sex, age, race, rank, or creed. So widely reaching a charity ought, if properly administered, to bring comfort to many in need of it. And the bazaar in its aid comes at a particularly appropriate time, when the world is preparing to keep Christmas in time-honoured fashion, and may, therefore, be moved to kindly remembrance of those whose lines lie amidst hardships and hunger unless helped by more fortunate fellow-creatures.

If a newspaper in want of a startling Silly Season subject, or some mute, inglorious Member of Parliament awaiting a theme for his maiden speech, would only take up the subject of ptomaine-poisoning, and by burrowing amongst statistics find out how many persons yearly fall victims to tinned food, that journal or that legislator would deserve well of its or his generation. It seems incredible that traffic in such well-proved poisonous food should be permitted, or that persons rash enough to consume it should be found when proved cases of ptomaine-poisoning are so frequent and fatal.

Lobster and salmon are particularly active in causing death when tinned, sardines or any substance preserved in oil being rarely dangerous. One hears it alleged in defence that it is not the tin can but the solder which is used to seal it that is to blame. But, whether one or the other, the danger remains, and should be met. Three cases of ptomaine-poisoning are recorded in the papers this week, the victims having suffered prolonged agonies for days before death relieved their sufferings. In each case the cause was tinned salmon. Why should such things be?

Cornwall seems to be coming into favour more and more as people discover its never-ending variety bit by bit. Newquay, for instance, which except to persevering explorers of this island was comparatively caviare to the Metropolitan a few years back, is now, thanks to the enterprise of the Great Western Railway, in a fair way to becoming "Cromerised," even without a Clement Scott to chant its charms and breezy freshness. There is a comfortable hotel to be reckoned on, too, in the "Headland," and, at beautiful Tintagel, King Arthur's Castle



[Copyright.]

GREY CLOTH, PLAID SILK, AND BLACK VELVET.

Hotel is a hostelry of much repute where scenery and sunshine are endorsed by a cuisine and cellar of unequivocal repute and merit.

Talking of hotels, I have had an amusing account from a friend at Homburg concerning, amongst other things, the toilettes and jewels of one especially American "Américaine" who has dazzled all comers and goes to Casino dances and private dinners in the present season by the

variety and magnificence of her altogether. Her dresses clearly declared themselves Doucet, or an equally expensive confrère, while her diamonds were the sorrow of every woman who beheld and did not own them. My correspondent, being one of her cronies, was, however, admitted to the secret that the diamond-clasped dog-collar, the Louis Quinze necklet with its admirably wrought trellis-work of brilliants, the splendid shoulder-piece of diamond fuchsias and foliage, the much-coveted ropes of gleaming pearls, were one and all of Parisian Diamond manufacture, and duplicates, in fact, of the real gems, which reposed safely in the strong-room of a New York bank. All of which goes once more to prove how wonderfully perfect the productions and handicraft of

see an allusion in *Truth* to the late Empress Frederick's marriage with Count Seckendorff, and it seems to be the only paper in this country to comment on a circumstance which has been no secret to people in Society for years past, both at home and abroad. The Count was present at the Empress's death-bed, from which all were excluded by her own wish except the most immediate members of her family.

From town—where I am not nor shall be for quite six weeks, thank goodness!—I hear accounts of a new colour, a new hat, and a new veil, three items of note in our external effects. The colour is a rich, ripe—I had almost said gory—red. As a matter of fact, it is, I believe, to be called "Ox-blood," which may be realistic but is not poetical. The hat



NOVELTIES AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

this company are—no less than the wisdom of those who draw on its resources instead of laying themselves open to the inevitable risks which the transit of jewellery from one place to another inevitably involves.

There has been a great deal of amusement over the removal of "John Brown" in bronze from Balmoral to the house of this faithful henchman's brother, who lives not far from the Royal domain. In a more appropriate surrounding than the precincts of a Royal Castle, this much-discussed statue has, no doubt, found its permanent resting-place, and will doubtless adorn many a tale of local interest to future onlookers. Never was mistress more loyally and faithfully—and, it may be added, fearlessly—served than Queen Victoria by this humble prototype of her people. I

is a flat pancake made of cloth, soft straw, or other material, but, when puckered up and threaded through with cord or ribbon, as the milliners treat it, is certainly a thing of sufficient becomingness and smartness. The veil comes from Paris, and is loose, long, and hanging, like those affected of our very early aunts, only more so. It is known variously as the "Birdcage" and by the irreverent *boulevardiers* as the "Mosquito Net"; but it has come to stay, evidently, and the few and really smart amongst us who always adopt a fashion six months beforehand have already exploited this latest form of vanity at recent race-meetings at home and foreign watering-places where Society at present assembles.

SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 25.

THE PRESIDENTS AND THE STOCK MARKETS.

AT Liverpool, Glasgow, Newcastle, and other provincial Exchanges business was at once abandoned upon the sorrowful news of Mr. McKinley's death, but in the London Stock Exchange the greatest uncertainty prevailed as to whether business should be started on that sad Saturday or not. The House could not be officially closed, but at length resolutions for the retirement of members were passed in each market, and at half-past eleven the Stock Exchange was deserted by all but the waiters.

The passing of President McKinley and the Accession of President Roosevelt, considered as market factors, exercise but temporary influence upon the Stock Exchange. Deeply deplore the manly statesman we all do, but his leaving us is no reason for any anxiety other than that which has always been present since the Yankee Market climbed to its current level of giddy height, artificially supported and inherently weak as that height is. As regards departments other than American, the trend of prices depends largely upon Lombard Street. And the Money Market keeps remarkably easy, although the fear of New York borrowing is in the air. Consols display but little sign of advancing, but the quotation has partially recovered the deducted dividend payable on Oct. 5. Home Rails are irregular, the only feature being a rise in Dover "A," foolishly attributed to the prospects of the Kent Coal Corporation.

Foreigners keep remarkably steady, both Argentine and Brazil stocks bearing out the optimistic views that we have expressed about the countries' Bonds. In the Miscellaneous section business is largely confined to South African Cold Storage, for which there is good demand. The Foreign Railway Market is steady, without any sensation to occupy its mind.

The Debenture-holders in Elmore's German and Austro-Hungarian Metal Company are asked by the directors to authorise the issue of a large amount of 8 per cent. Debentures to rank *pari passu* with those already existent, and to defer for nearly three years the payment of the money due to them next month. Such a very drastic proposal appears to demand a longer time for consideration than the Board propose to allow, and it is not surprising that opposition is afoot. The Debenture-holders, it seems to us, have all to gain and nothing to lose by throwing in their lot with those who are endeavouring to discover a better way for placing the finances of the Company on a sound and stable foundation.

GRAND TRUNK STOCKS.

Traffics which would have delighted the hearts of Grand Trunk operators in days gone by are now regarded as merely ordinary, and fail to move the market to any appreciable degree. It is becoming more and more recognised that there are many speculators who buy Trunks merely for the purpose of profit-snatching on good traffic returns, and the keen observer notes with interest that it frequently takes two or three days after publication of bumper figures before the stocks rally as they might fairly be expected to do. The continuous rise in all classes of Trunks has had the effect of bringing in a number of sellers, and many of these who disposed of real stock are carrying it over in the hope of repurchasing more cheaply, content meanwhile to take the fairly good rate of interest which the operation gives them. We are inclined to think, however, that there must be a renewed rise in Trunks during October, when the crop traffics will be coming over. The effects of the Royal visit will be fully felt this month, of course, but it is to the crops that the bull of Trunks pins his most earnest faith. The prosperity of the Canadian lines cannot last for ever, of course, but it seems likely to stay for another couple of months, anyway. Nor is the recession caused in the prices of Trunks by Mr. McKinley's death at all likely to last, because the market went flat out of pure sympathy with Yankees, and not even the life or death of so popular a personality as the United States President can be said to influence the bountifulness of Canadian crops. All things considered, we look for a good deal of firmness in Grand Trunks during the next couple of months.

Our illustration represents the well-known bridge of the Grand Trunk Railway over the Niagara Rapids, and the spot shown is just where the ill-fated Captain Webb met his death. A safer spot than the Rapids has been chosen as a seat by a famous London journalist, and our picture shows on the right-hand side Mr. Charles Daguid, the popular City Editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, who has just returned from a short trip to the States.

MINING MARKETS.

It is remarkable how the Kaffir Circus revives upon good news of any sort. There seems to be little "go down" in the market, although the advances which it makes on good days are generally partially lost when business slacks off. We have over and over again pointed out the firmness of the undertone that characterises Kaffirs, and its effect is plainly marked when buying orders come from across the Channel, such as those, for instance, which emanated from Amsterdam at the end of last week. Knights, an old favourite of ours, have risen sharply, and Anglo-French are coming into renewed favour. We should say that both the shares have as good a chance as any for reaching a higher level in a period of activity. Amongst Gold shares proper, we may point to May Consolidated and Meyer and Charlton as good speculative purchases. The "lives" of the two are seven and ten years respectively, and perhaps Meyers stand to move before the lower-priced Mays. East Rands must always command a large speculative following, and on this ground alone deserve attention, while the same remark applies in some degree to Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa. The latter Company is, however, so largely in with West Africans that its actual

position is hard to estimate. That it has made huge profits on some things is certain, but how far those profits are realisable and with how much unmarketable scrip the Gold Fields have got landed we have no means of telling.

West Africans themselves are described by a jobber in the market as being in a state of suspended inanimation. The principal dealers are away, and what little activity there exists is not of a kind calculated to encourage confidence in the market. The rig in Atomé shares and the attempted plantation of Bonta Syndicates on the public are unpleasant incidents, to put it mildly. News from the Gold Coast comes to hand very sparsely and very spasmodically, and we are all standing on tiptoe around the

various boreholes from which so great things are expected. No movement in West Africans is likely to take place until the holidays are fairly over, but in another month we may see some fresh activity in such things as Wassaus, British Gold Coast, and Amalgamated. Taquah and Abosso should be watched, and Abosso shares are declared to be a good buy at a small premium.

Westralians remain the sport of every bull that likes to give them a puff and every bear who kicks them. The sellers appear to be getting the upper hand again, and we are sorry to see it. For the bears in the past have had such excellent groundwork upon which to base their operations that their renewed attacks make one wonder whether there can possibly be any more scandals to come to light. As we hinted in our last week's "Notes," it is as well to leave the Westralian Market alone for the present, until conditions are more visibly shaping in one direction or the other. Those who buy for long shots would find better scope in the Rhodesian department, where there is much more hope of a speedy recovery.

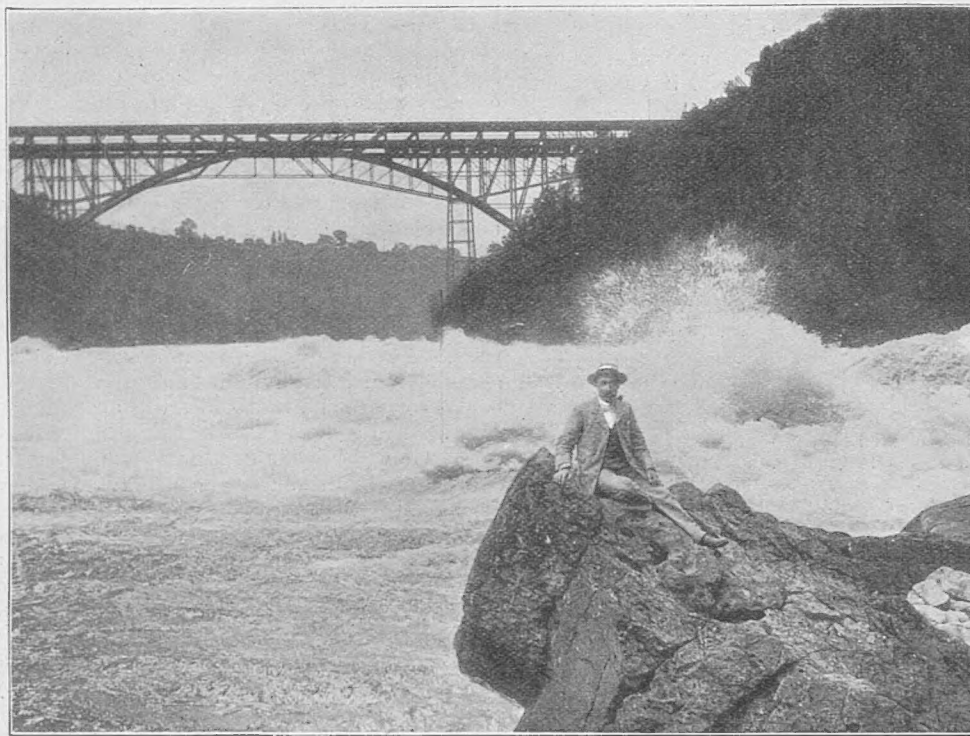
STOCK EXCHANGE POST-BAG.

Yet another batch of Stock Exchange correspondence has fallen into our hands. It varies in one or two respects from similar parcels which have reached us, the most salient point of difference being the comprisal of several letters evidently written to brokers, and not only those dictated by them. Which is written by which class we leave to the ingenuity of our readers to discover. The task is simplicity itself.

We pick up one letter at random, and find that its contents read as follows—

DEAR SIRS,—With reference to the 100 Louisville shares which I am delivering next Account Day, please note that I have instructed my bankers, Messrs. Green and Gold, Lombard Street, to deliver the certificates to you against your cheque for £2119 19s., the amount of your contract-note. I shall be away shooting for the next three weeks.—Faithfully yours,

A. SMITH-ROBINSON.



THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY BRIDGE ACROSS NIAGARA RAPIDS: A FAMOUS CITY EDITOR TO THE FRONT.

We may add that the writer of this note is obviously cognisant with the best and safest way of obtaining sound money for his securities, because we have no doubt that the bankers would demand a cheque "marked for payment" in exchange for the Louisville. And, curiously enough, here is another letter upon a subject almost exactly the same as that of the last writer, the converse of the case being presented this time—

MADAM,—We are favoured with your letter of yesterday and note that you desire us to deliver the Midland stock to your bank on the 27th inst., when we shall receive payment. This is, as you say, the most satisfactory way for us to obtain the money. Your instructions as to the transfer shall have our careful attention.—Yours truly,
SAFE BIND, SAFE FIND BROS.

We toss on one side the next half-dozen epistles, as being of little general interest, but the seventh looks more promising. It is dated from a well-known number in Park Lane, and says—

DEAR JOHN,—Buy me 1000 (say a thousand) Rand Mines first thing in the morning. If they don't go a pound better within a week, I will take them up and sit on them. You can sell everything you have and buy Kaffirs with the proceeds. Now you cannot say that I never give you a friendly hint or friendly order either. Please telephone me early in the morning what you do.—Yours sincerely,
JACK.

Somewhat optimistic, anyway. But, seeing how *The Sketch* has consistently upheld the Kaffir Market's banner through the War, who are we to say that a purchase of Rand Mines is aught but wise? The worst of it is that the shares are so high. The prospects of the low-priced varieties are succinctly summed up in the following note, pencilled hastily on a memorandum-form—

No, my dear chap. Pray don't go buying Lisbons and Barretts and Balkis or stuff like that. If you want a gamble in low-priced things, why not try Klerksdorp or Otto's Kopje? There is an occasional market in both, you know, whereas in the others there is virtually none. I don't want to put you off money-making, but should like to see you keep on a likely path, at all events.—
Addio.
A. B. C.

After these Mining Market specimens we come across another dealing with a technical matter. Like the funny-bone, it verges on the humorous—

DEAR SIR,—We regret having to trouble you with the enclosed transfer, but your witness, in the space marked "Description," has filled in "Short, dark, slight squint," and the Company declines to register the deed unless the occupation of the witness is stated. The attester evidently mistook the legal meaning of the word "Description."—Yours faithfully,
BRUIN AND BULLOCK.

Letters concerning investment are nearly always useful. In one of our letters we find a list of five securities yielding on an average about four per cent. Say the tabulators—

DEAR SIR,—We have very carefully considered your application for a selection of good stocks, not necessarily of the highest description, but capable of returning a fair rate of interest on your money. We would suggest that your £2500 should be spread in amounts of £500 each over the latest New South Wales 3 per cent. stock (a strictly Trustee investment) at 94½, North-Eastern Consols at 155, National Telephone 4 per cent. Debenture stock at a couple of points below par, Consolidated Gold Fields Preference, which stand at about 23s. 6d., and London and Westminster Bank shares, now at 65½. With these you can get a return of a trifle over 4 per cent., and upon all the stocks and shares enumerated you can sleep with perfect security. There is, of course, a liability of £80 per share on the London and Westminster Banks, and, if this particular investment does not appeal to you, we might propose Grand Trunk Railway of Canada First Preference stock, now standing at 100½.—We are, dear Sir, yours truly,
H. MOON AND SON.

We have been searching for something in connection with the only two lively markets in the House; at length our patience is rewarded. One letter, delicately perfumed—it seems almost too bad to publish it—ripples thus—

DEAR SIR,—Please buy me five hundred pounds Union Pacific stock, the Ordinary, I think it is called. A friend of mine in *Change Alley* told me this afternoon that the Union must go to a large profit. So please buy me £500, and sell it at £600 when you can. Of course, I am not so silly as to expect the profit in half-an-hour, as I believe some women do, but I should like the cheque for £100 by to-morrow night's post, at latest.—Very truly yours, BELINDA A. BULL.

We wonder whether the good lady got her cheque by "to-morrow night's post." They tell us in Throgmorton Street that Union Pacifics and Atchison Preference are the right Americans to have, but the former are almost an investment stock, and the latter are badly subject to money scares. Still, they both have good chances, and we hope that that speculatrix will get her profit in time.

Saturday, Sept. 14, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

JOH. ALBUS.—(1) They seem quite high enough, and we would suggest that you look at one of the letters concerning investments included in our "Stock Exchange Post-Bag" this week. As perfectly safe securities, paying nearly 4 per cent., we might also suggest Charing Cross and Strand Electricity 4 per cent. Debenture stock, or British Electric Traction 5 per cent. Debentures.

C. P.—A copy of the issue has been sent to you.

NOVICE.—(1) The Tobacco shares are speculative, but, if you want high interest, you must not mind some risk. Salmon and Gluckstein would be preferable, in our opinion. (2) You will quite understand that we cannot very well advise you in such a personal matter. The price is dull because the public are "not taking" Industrial shares at present.

P. W. A.—Should sell if you can get anything like the price you paid.

C. Z. (Hampstead).—Wait a little before buying any more. The market is limited, but you can generally deal in five hundred shares with ease. The present price is about two shillings.

WALES.—We should advise you to buy a copy of the *Bazaar*, *Exchange*, and *Mart* newspaper. It costs twopence, and will help you better than we can to sell your curiosity.

OATS.—We have answered your letter by post.

SOME SPORTSMEN.

"THAT BOY."

HIS mother, the widowed proprietress of the Wheatsheaf Inn, calls him "that boy," and we know him by that name and none other. He has nearly fifteen years to his credit, and left school, where he was thought to be a fool and a dunce, at Midsummer. Truth to tell, he had left school before—he was always leaving it. In the spring he left to go bird-nesting, in early summer he had young birds to rear, from midsummer to harvest-time there was the attraction of the river. The schoolmaster protested, frequently lost his temper and lapsed into pure Irish mixed with English expletives; but voice, ferule, and cane alike failed to alter the habits of "that boy." In the autumn he would contrive to follow the guns, and when the schoolmaster appeared on the scene, suddenly and by stealth, one autumn day, the object of his search was hidden in a ditch, and the approaches were guarded by two athletes who declared that partridges were hiding there. The schoolmaster, who knows little about the habits of the partridge, retired empty-handed to the "Wheatsheaf," where the widow offered him sympathy in the shape of something that was distilled in the Emerald Isle.

I would not base "that boy's" claim to be considered a sportsman on his capacity for playing truant. He stayed away from the school-house because the fields had greater attraction for him, and he took the pains and penalties involved like a man. The "Wheatsheaf" has rambling old grounds; one part, between vegetable-garden and bowling-green, is cut off from view of the rest by a thick privet hedge. Here you may find a small zoological garden, built, arranged, stocked, and supported by the lad his schoolmaster called a fool. He has dormice, rabbits, squirrels, hedgehogs, pheasants, wood-pigeons, blackbirds, thrushes, larks, in cages or runs that he has made by himself. All cases that come to the "Wheatsheaf" with wine, spirits, or groceries are his property; his wire-netting has been procured by dint of hard work—its cost limits the size of his collection.

The Waychester carpenter gave him lessons in return for a fine tame blackbird; the maker of rustic summer-houses and fowl-runs who lives three miles out of the village doles out small supplies of the precious wire-netting in return for trained singing-birds which find their way to purchasers who must pay big prices for them. He was allowed to walk a foxhound pup for the Hunt, which runs a trencher-fed pack, secured the prize given for the best dog, and then scandalised the neighbourhood by selling it to a travelling dealer for some fishing-lines, hooks, springs, and traps. In the autumn he has ferrets ready for all who want reliable animals for rabbiting or for the extermination of the rats. He will break a dog to the gun and teach a retriever its business. And he has taught himself to shoot with the heavy twelve-bore gun that belonged to his father.

In return for information concerning the precise locality of coverts of partridges and the temporary habitation of a hare, he asks for and receives the empty cartridges. Good brass-bound cartridges will bear re-filling, and he is quite skilled at the work. I had no idea of his prowess with a gun until the day when he was carrying a second gun for me by the side of a wood. A pigeon came out behind me, going very fast. I turned round to mark its flight, saw my gun-bearer in the act of shooting, and watched the pigeon fall to the ground like a stone. "That boy" apologised for taking the shot, and explained that the sudden temptation was irresistible, but I could see he was proud of the achievement and knew it had impressed me. This year he has his first gun-licence, but I fear that a few partridges have suffered from his ten-shilling permit to carry arms. However, this is mere surmise and is not my business.

In the house "that boy" is of little use. Certain jobs fall to his lot, and he does them in a perfunctory manner. To call him clumsy is to speak mildly. Glass and china shiver at his approach, and yet he took two eggs from the kingfisher's nest in the bank of the Whitewater River last spring and left the nest itself intact. I have watched him climbing after the nests of magpie and carrion-crow where a false step would have ensured a broken limb; he has descended safely, bringing uncracked eggs. But the glass and china go until his mother's voice waxes loud and her hand waxes heavy and he is driven to seek comfort behind the privet hedge in his "Zoo," a very Ishmaelite. His thoughts are in the fields while his body is in the house.

For miles round he knows the country intimately—every hedge, bank, and ditch. When the Hunt meets in Market Square, the Master sends for "that boy" to learn where foxes have been seen, and, though he is not always able to assist the huntsman, there was never a fox found where he said the covert would be blank. Nothing escapes his eye; the run of a rabbit, the form of a hare, the footprints of a fox—one and all stand revealed to him. He knows every cry the woodland hears and the song of all the soloists of the woodland orchestra. There are no trout in the Whitewater, but among the jack, roach, perch, and carp he secures bags that make experienced men turn envious.

The future of "that boy" is a difficult problem; his mother claims him for the house, his inclinations claim him for the open air. He would like to be a gamekeeper, she thinks it would be a descent in the social scale. Moreover, the "Wheatsheaf," a thriving hostelry, would lack a master. The solution of the difficulty is on the knees of the gods; the only thing clear to me is that "that boy" is a sportsman from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot.

B.